NORTHUP

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BEFORE THE PIONEERS

For a moment let us leave our troubled world where all hearts and homes are touched by one gigantic struggle. It is a beautiful modern world but let us turn back the wheels of time. Before us lies one vast, peaceful expanse, real and natural just as nature made it. The seasons come and go, rain and snow, heat and cold, nature bursts forth, blossoms and goes to rest. Wild life abounds. Here and there are roving bands of Indians. This fair land is Canada.

Then, one day we see white sails in the sunrise, bringing white men to the shores of our Eastern ocean. But not for long. Man must expand. He is not an idle creature. Daring adventurers set out northward and westward to explore the unknown.

Our eyes become fixed on one David Thompson, headed into the sunset. He is nearing the mountains. For some time he has seen them loom up on the sky line. Never before has he seen a spectacle so majestic. He comes to a mighty river. The current is swift so he camps for the night. With the sunrise he goes on but we halt, to ponder upon our surroundings. We marvel at the abundance of growth--trees, grass, and water! Some day it may be used by man.

One hundred years roll by and fifty miles east of David Thompson's Camping ground (later the site of a Hudson Bay trading post and Rocky Mountain House) a few small buildings mark the site of the present city of Red Deer. Man has come to make a living and so change nature's vast wonderland.

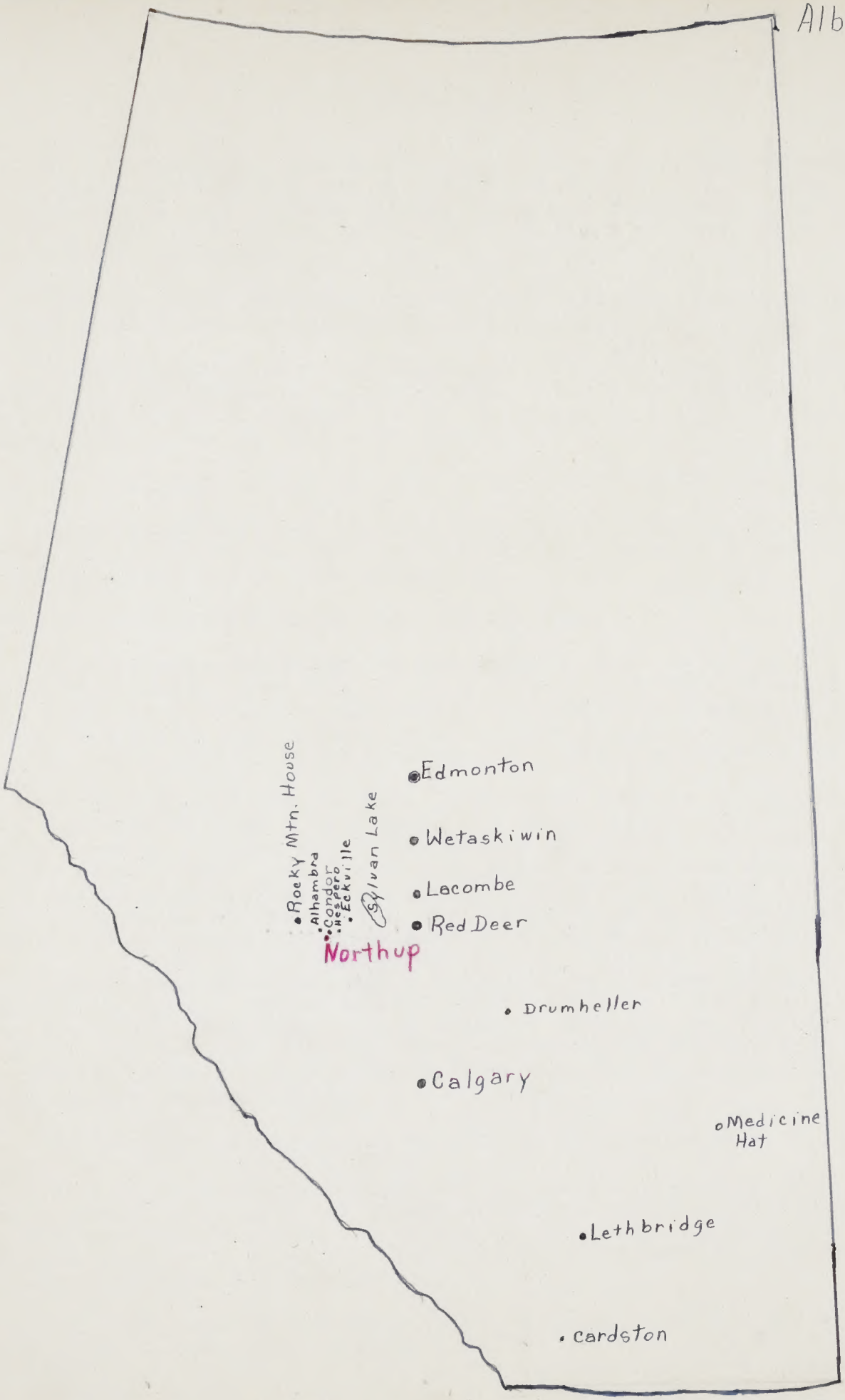
In European countries, during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, Canada, the land of milk and honey, was widely advertised. Land was to be had for the asking. Canada needed settlers. For adventure, homes, or to seek freedom many left the land of their birth for Canada.

When Red Deer was but half a dozen buildings land seekers passed it by to take up homes many miles west.

Northup is thirty miles west of Red Deer. Its earlier settlers Mrs. and Mr. Craig came in 1907. To-day they reside in that same precious home, with the farm of their own handmaking about them.

Why would people be interested in this far away part? For a penniless man it was a gold mine. Rich, prosperous people do not, as a rule, migrate. There were trees for a home, trees for fuel, wild game for part of his food, plenty of water, and natural grass for stock. The newcomers were very grateful for this bountiful amount. Slowly and steadily settlers moved in till all land was occupied.

The lives of different settlers follow. These show plainly what life was like in our community in days gone by.



Violet MacBeth
Grade VIII.

Craig's

Mr. Stockwell was the first settler to come to this community. He settled here in 1906, and left many years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Craig were the next to come (1907). They are still here. In November they went to Victoria for the first holiday of their life time. They returned in March.

How the school children awaited their return! They were uneasy lest much of Northup's history would be omitted.

To-day Leonora Raabe and Olga Syren went to see them. They were both very interested in telling all they could remember. Sometimes both talked at once, till Mr. Craig had to tell his wife to be quiet, that it was he they came to see.

The following is Mr. Craig's story as told to Leonora and Olga.

My wife and I sailed from Glasgow, Scotland, in April, 1906. We landed in Canada on the first day of May. We came to see what Canada was like and to find adventure.

Our first year we spent in Saskatchewan.

When my wife and I came to the Northup District in 1907, the following settlers were here or came later: Stockwells came in 1906; Cruikshank in 1908; Shaw, Alan Blair, Eastman, and Simmons in 1909; Perry, MacDonald, and MacBeth in 1910; Bert Avery, now postmaster in Condor, and Wainright in 1911; Syrens in 1914; and Doyle in 1922.

We came to Red Deer in May. There were four hotels in Red Deer as I remember it then. They were just rough buildings. Food went with the room. We stayed overnight. In the morning we hired a team (there were no cars) and picked out trails through the bush. The only bridge over the Medicine River was at Evarts. After staying at a stopping house at Burnt Lake, four miles south of Sylvan Lake's present site, we continued our journey to where our home was to be.

The present Stauffer road was nothing but muskeg and our homestead was jungle. Before we built a log shack we lived in a tent for six weeks. The shack was fourteen by eighteen feet, single boarded, and covered with tar paper, because that was all that was available. Though the work was hard we came to the conclusion we would make a success of it.

In the first three months we cleared five acres by hand.

We brought a six-month's supply of groceries with us when we came. Sometimes I left our grocery order and money at Stockwell's as did many others. When one person went for food supplies he brought everyone's order. I also carried our groceries from Evarts, twenty four miles for five years.

The last week of September, 1907, a storm raged for three days. Snow piled up three and four feet deep in the bush. It was so cold we were nearly frozen. As soon as the weather cleared we packed up to leave and walked twenty four miles to Evarts. We wanted to see

if we could find a warmer climate.

At Evarts we caught a ride with the mailman to Red Deer. There we took a train to Calgary. We bought tickets for Vancouver. My wife became ill on the train at Golden, so we came back to Banff. I got a job in a coal mine at Bankhead. We stayed there six months.

In the spring of 1908 we came back to our homestead. I purchased three oxen, and used Mr. Peel's plow to break another five acres. We went back to Bankhead for the winter. The next spring we returned and have been here ever since.

In 1910 we applied for and received a deed for our land, fifteen acres of which was cleared and broken. That same year we bought three cows , two horses and a spring buggy in 1911.

The buggy didn't last long. My wife was going visiting in the new buggy. A dog frightened the horse and it crashed the buggy into a tree. We didn't get another buggy for some time. (Mrs. Craig told us the story of the buggy, but Mr. Craig, told her quite disgustedly, that it wouldn't do to put the story in the book).

Mr. Peel and I had the first binders in this neighbourhood. Most of the grain in the district was cut with it.

Our only tax was a $2.00 High School tax.

In those days 20 pounds of sugar cost 90¢. Eggs cost 12¢ a dozen and butter was 2 pounds for 25¢. Three grades of Blue Ribbon tea were available. We always had plenty of food.

Many surprise parties were held from house to house every winter. We had a better time then,,as far as amusements go, than now. Everyone enjoyed the parties.

A missionary came here about that time. He held church services at Stockwell's.

What is now the Rocky Mountain-Red Deer Highway was graded in 1911. Sylvan Lake then was only a very small group of shacks and a Chinese restaurant. There was no road through it then.

Rocky Mountain House, consisted of two stores, livery barns, and a few houses. The town was moved in 1912 to its present site. With the coming of the railroad in 1913-1914 a few towns sprang up. Some of them were Alhambra (named for Alhambra, England), Hespero, Condor, Benalto, and Withrow.

Year after year other pioneers and I worked on the road ~~on the road~~ from the highway to Stauffer. It was all muskeg at that time. It is still a poor road due to improper drainage.

There was no local or municipal council.

When the first school board was organized Tom Peel, Mr. Chisolm, and I were on it. The people with children of school age suggested building a school. Blairs, Bartesko's, Perry's, Munro's, and Syren's had children of school age. Everyone donated logs, which were taken

to the sawmill on Roy Addie's farm (where MacDonald's live now) to be made into lumber. Mr. Whaley built the school. About ten or twelve children began school. The first teacher was Mr. Huskins.

Though there are quite a number of birds here now, there weren't even prairie chickens when we came here. There were one or two bears here then. There are none in our neighborhood now.

We have raised sheep for many years. We sold them this winter and went to Victoria, British Columbia, to escape part of the cold weather (and spend part of our earnings). We like this part now.

My advice to any one who wishes to be successful is--"Live within your income and keep out of debt".

NORTHUP'S ELDEST RESIDENT

In 1878 two Gaelic families bade farewell to the Highlands of Scotland and sailed for Canada. These families were the MacDonalds and the MacLeans. The Mac Leans had two children, one twelve and one younger.

Their boat landed at Point Lewis opposite Quebec City. After one night there, they went by train to Kincardine, Ontario, where some friends lived who had previously made the same voyage. From September to May they lived in Kincardine, learned all possible about this new country.

The lure of the West brought them on to Winnipeg, where in two week's time they were fitted out with oxen and Red River carts and were soon on their way to the Brandon Hills, six miles south of the present city of Brandon. Here they farmed for six years, before moving farther west. And here the older MacLean girl married a MacDonald boy.

The next move was by train to Red Jacket (near Moose Jaw). Here they homesteaded and remained twenty six years. During half of this period they farmed with oxen. The lack of firewood and trees led them to seek new homes.

In 1909 began the long trek to Alberta with thirty horses, wagons, household goods and fifteen head of cattle. They could have travelled by train to Red Deer but preferred to go in a way which would enable them to view the country (The land of milk and honey as advertised in Scotland), and choose a new home site. In Strathmore more Scottish people joined them. They camped one night in East Calgary on the north side of the river. Calgary was a fair sized city then, clean and well lighted. Of course it was not nearly so large as it is to-day.

Land could have been secured around Red Deer, but they chose to go west from there, seeking trees and more trees. In June, 1910 they decided to stop in what is now Northup community. Here was plenty of land for all in the party. There were trees enough to make up for the twenty-six years on the prairie.

A trail had to be blazed because there were no roads. During the first few years here some work was done on what is now the Rocky-Red Deer highway. But they made little progress. Twenty years later it was gravelled. It took one-half day with horses to clear a space to pitch their tents. The windfalls were the worst to clear.

The first work was that of clearing land. In 1911 they had fifteen acres of oats, a good garden, and potatoes. They cut slough hay. Then it rained so much the hay had to be hauled out with a stone boat to dry land and there spread out to dry. They were lucky to have brought mowers and rakes in with them. Seed grain had to hauled by team from Clearview, south east of Red Deer. For this

they paid twenty-five cents a bushel. The first year they hired a Mr. Maxwell to cut the grain. But they had to thresh it with a flail. For the next year they had a binder of their own, to cut the thirty acres of crop. From then on the land was steadily cleared to what it is today.

In 1910 hay was fifteen dollars per ton. No straw was to be had. In 1920 timothy was ninety dollars per ton. Green bundles were twenty-five cents each and straw was five dollars a load. Oats were one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel. That year no one could start work on the land till May eighteenth. So 1943 is not so bad as that.

When they moved here there was a general store and post office at Pitcox (a mile west of present Hespero). They secured the contract for hauling freight from Red Deer to Pitcox. They lived ten miles from Pitcox. They hauled this freight for three years. That is till the railroad came in 1914. Sometimes store supplies ran low because we could not get through on account of the roads. A trip took a week when roads (trails) were bad. The trail they followed was not where the highway runs to-day. On these trips we took our tent and food, for camping along the way. One usual camping spot was at the Medicine river. The freighting outfit was composed of four wagons and a buggy. Weekly trips were made. The round trip was about one hundred miles. An ordinary trip took about three days. Mrs. MacDonald always drove the buggy. (The MacLeans remained in Saskatchewan).

Some mudholes were so bad that the wagons had to be unloaded, taken apart, and carried over them. The horses were let loose to mire through and struggle out on their own. One mudhole was beside a man's farm. We had to go through his farm to get around it. He made everyone pay him twenty-five cents each time passing through. Later that man was compelled to keep the hole filled. They received fifty cents per hundred for freighting.

During the first few months they were too busy for amusement. But later in the winter they played cards and games. When houses were put up, parties and dances were held nearly every night. Some houses did not want them. They had a better time then than now. The people were much more sociable in the early days.

The main food was rabbits and prairie chickens. Almost any variety of groceries could be purchased at Pitcox, if one had the money.

Their first house was built of logs and lumber. Some of the lumber was hauled from Red Deer. It cost thirty dollars per thousand, shingles were three dollars a thousand.

For many years Mr. MacDonald held a New Year's party. People from as far away as Benalto, Ewarts, Hespero, and Rocky came. As many as two hundred came to these Scottish gatherings where they danced, drank, dined, sang, played the bag pipes and thoroughly enjoyed a rollicking time. In 1934 Mr. MacDonald died. The parties ended.

Mrs. MacDonald had carried on the farm work ever since. She is a fine old lady enjoying the best of health at the age of seventy-three. She takes a keen interest in world affairs. She had one son killed in the last war and has another one now overseas. In May of the

year s e plans to take a trip back to her old home in Brandon and Saskatchewan (where her only sister resides). The whole community wishes her a happy journey.

Mr. MacDonald's advice to us: Pay as you go and keep out of debt.

[illegible]

My Dad, he built an old sod shack,
Lumped up thing, on the skylines track.
Old old thing, in the virgin dawn,
Grotesque, and weird, in the noon day
sun,
Grey, and vague, when the day was done.

He bought him bacon, and beans, and
prunes,
And he boiled them up, in the afternoons,
And at night, when he came from breaking
sod
He ate then, and he thanked his God
That he had beans, and prunes, and a
shack,
And good strong muscles in his back.

They built those shacks, the pioneers,
Back in the early western years.
And talk to my Dad, and yours today,
You'll hear them say
They'd like to go back,
To the gay good days of the Old Sod
Shack.

--Kitty Rogers, Calgary.

UPWARD AND ON

Give me the strength of a pioneer,
That irks at the thought of a bond;
Give me a vision, a path to clear,
That beckons me upward and on!

Spare me the shield of a sheltered life,
Test me by struggles and strife.
The brawn and the courage are all I ask
To conquer the glory of life.

Let mine be a hardy soul that wins,
By mettle and fairness and pluck;
A heart with the free call of soaring winds,
That never depends on luck!

--Author Unknown.

A Bachelor Pioneer

William Munro and Donald Mulgaard went to learn what they could of pioneer days from Mr. Cruikshank.

Mr. Cruikshank was born in Quebec many years ago. He left Quebec because of ill health and came west to Calgary where he worked for three years in the freight yards. Mr. Cruikshank studied carpentry in Calgary. Leaving Calgary because of lack of work. He went to Lordegg and from there to Forthuy Community in 1908.

The first year in this community he stayed at Shaw's and cleared five acres on his own farm.

In 1909 he hired Mr. Stockwell to haul logs and help build his house. From then on he worked on his farm, six months every year. He worked in sawmills the other six months, earning $1.00 a day.

When Mr. Cruikshank came in here the people killed rabbits and prairie chickens for food. These were almost the only wild life. There were no magpies or partridges etc. These birds came three or four years later.

The nearest post office was Evarts. When people wanted groceries they left their orders at Fisk's and whoever was going to Red Deer, took the orders and letters with them and brought the groceries and mail back.

The Red Deer-Rocky Mountain House highway was started in 1911. The same year Mr. Cruikshank fenced his quarter with barbed wire. This road went by his farm.

He built his barn in 1913. It was the biggest and best barn in here at that time.

One day fifty men were at his house when he came home from Evarts. Mr. Cruikshank asked them what they wanted. They said they wanted a drink of water and some place to cook a meal. One of them said "Hello, Billy". Mr. Cruikshank said "Billy what?" The man replied "Billy Cruikshank" and to Mr. Cruikshank's delight the man was a neighbour from the east.

Mr. Cruikshank says that this country reminds him of his home in Quebec.

One day he accidently caused a bush fire which spread to Shaw's. He was afraid it might burn Shaw's house but it didn't. Mr. Cruikshank could hear the trees burning from inside his house.

The Canadian Pacific railway was built in 1914. He owes it partly to the efforts of one Condor man, Mr. French. He built a station where Condor station now stands. He also built a store and a hall in Condor.

Evarts was started about this time by Charles Lane.

Sylvan Lake formerly called Round Lake, started up as a summer resort after the last war. At first it was for soldiers and their families. They wanted a place where they could live cheaply.

After the railway came Mr. [illegible] started a circulation library. [illegible] Knox, but Scottie shares in it as it still does in all the organizations. (These two communities are always one as one.)

For entertainment the people of this community went to surprise parties. At these they sang, danced, and told stories. Mr. Brinkshank played the violin or mandolin.

In 1910 Mr. Brinkshank bought his three and only horses, three in number. In December, 1942, one of them died at the age of thirty years. He is extremely fond of horses. This was like the death of a friend. When he bought his horses he had ten acres of hay land. Now he has forty. All told he has one hundred and twenty acres of land cleared. Mr. Brinkshank has never had any stock except horses. He has never had a cat, or, chickens, or any animals except his three horses.

Mr. Brinkshank claims that David Thompson gave the following longitude and latitude for the spot where Rocky Mountain House is on the North Saskatchewan. 52degrees 22 minutes 10seconds north latitude and 114degrees 57minutes west longitude.

Mr. Brinkshank had a return ticket to the east but never used it. He never made a return trip. Alberta must have something the east has not. He has lived alone here for thirty-five years. He has no radio and doesn't want one. He prefers a gramaphone and the weekly papers. Mr. Brinkshank amuses himself with his violin. Whenever one goes there he sees his music book open on the stand.

With his horses and his music the boys left him to continue in his own happy sphere of life.

Another Pioneer

The following is a life story, as told to us, by one of our pioneers who came from far-away Finland.

As a small boy in Finland I herded cattle and did other farm work much the same as here. When fifteen I started to learn the trade of stone-cutter. Two years later I came to United States with some close neighbours and friends. My three sisters were already in U.S.A.

From Abo, Finland I went to Hanko by train, where I took the steamer Polaris to Hull in England. From there I went across England to Southampton where I boarded the steamship Celtic for New York City.

Through these States I worked my way, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, the Morman country, Nevada and the Golden state of California to San Fransisco. Here I worked as a stone-cutter for several years.

In the fall of 1913 I moved on to Oregon, where I met and married Alma Lousa on August 12 of that same year. She had come from Vasa, Finland, via Liverpool and New York to Oregon, about a year after I made my trip. I did not know her in Finland.

We came from Oregon, through Washington and Idaho, to Sunny Alberta and my homestead in 1914.

Our first post office was Pitcox, one mile west of Hespero. Later we had our present hamlet of Condor with ore store, post office and station. The first postmaster and storekeeper was Mr. Edward French, an American, from Colorado.

To go to Cordor I had to cross a mile of muskeg. I used to take off my shoes, roll up my pant legs and wade. I never thought we would ever have a good road through there. To-day it is the main road from Condor to Evergreen, and the traffic is heavy.

I bought my first team of oxen, Mike and Right, from Henry Heikkinen for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Mr. Heikkinen was at that time at Alhambra homesteading the place now farmed by John Pykolainen. I used the oxen for one year and then sold them for $135 to two men from Manitoba who were buying oxen at Eckville. I bought my first horses, a young team, Lily and Dolly, for $250 from Mr. Sylvester Saha who is now farming at Sylvan Lake.

We milked two cows and tried to sell a little cream. We also had a few calves, pigs and hens. Our income at the start was not very large. In the fall I used to go threshing on the prairie and in the winter I worked in logging camps west of Rocky Mountain House. In the fall I hunted big game to secure our winter's meat. In the spring I fished in lakes and rivers.

We had nothing fancy for food. Sometimes it was only bread and potatoes. But we always have had three meals a day.

The second winter I lived on the homestead I snared one hundred rabbits and got two and a half cents apiece in trade from a storekeeper by the name of Adams west of Alhambra. The father of our first teacher Mr. Hukin was also buying rabbits for the same price the same year. They were shipping them to Calgary and Edmonton. They were feeding the men who were idle in Calgary and Edmonton one free meal a day from the rabbits. In those days rabbits were plentiful. Sometimes in the evening when we sat with the door open rabbits happened in the doorway. Some even came right into the shack.

Here is one of my many pleasant memories. One day I went to Sylvan Lake with the oxen and sleigh for a load of straw. On my way home after crossing the Medicine River I fell asleep. When I awakened it was midnight. I found myself only six miles from home. One of the oxen was lying down and the other standing. Both were chewing their cuds.

Before I had oxen or horses I walked to Red Deer for groceries three times. That was thirty-eight miles one way.

We didn't get a school district organized or school built till about 1911. Each farmer who had children to go to school donated a load of logs which he took to a sawmill. Later when it was made into lumber he hauled it back. Mr. Whaley built the school. The first teacher was Leonard Hukin who is now supposed to be a professor in Montreal. These are a few of the pupils who went to school as soon as it was built. My son Walter, who couldn't speak a word of English when he first started, married now to Alice Taylor; Frank Bartesko, married to Ivy Brown, who now have two children at Mortlup; Felix Bartesko, still single; Ken Munro, married; Dale Blair, now overseas; Allen Tuck in the R.C.A.F.; Daisy Perry, married and living at Hay Lake; Lily Perry; Andrew Balisky, now dead; Art Balisky in British Columbia; Joan Jacobson; Clra Lahti, an American in Oregon. Some other teachers were Miss Hust, Wold, Fife, Nickolson, and Mr. Ptolemy. We had as many as three teachers a year.

The children had no roads to travel on only cow trails to follow through the muskegs. I built walks over large stretches of water so the children could get to school with dry feet.

Our first school secretary treasurer was Mr. Tom Peel; Trustees--Mr. Jim Grair, Mr. Jack Shaw, and myself (W. W. Syren). Second secretary treasurer was Mr. Norman Eastman.

The shack we first lived in was already built when we came. In 1924 with the help of Mr. Lahti, I built our present home.

We brought nothing into this world when we came and it is certain we carry nothing out.

But godliness with contentment is great gain.

W. W. Syren.

A HOME SONG

I read within a poet's book
A word that starred the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage!"

Yes, that is true; and something more
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home-sweet-home:
For there the heart can rest.

--Henry Van Dyke.

Home

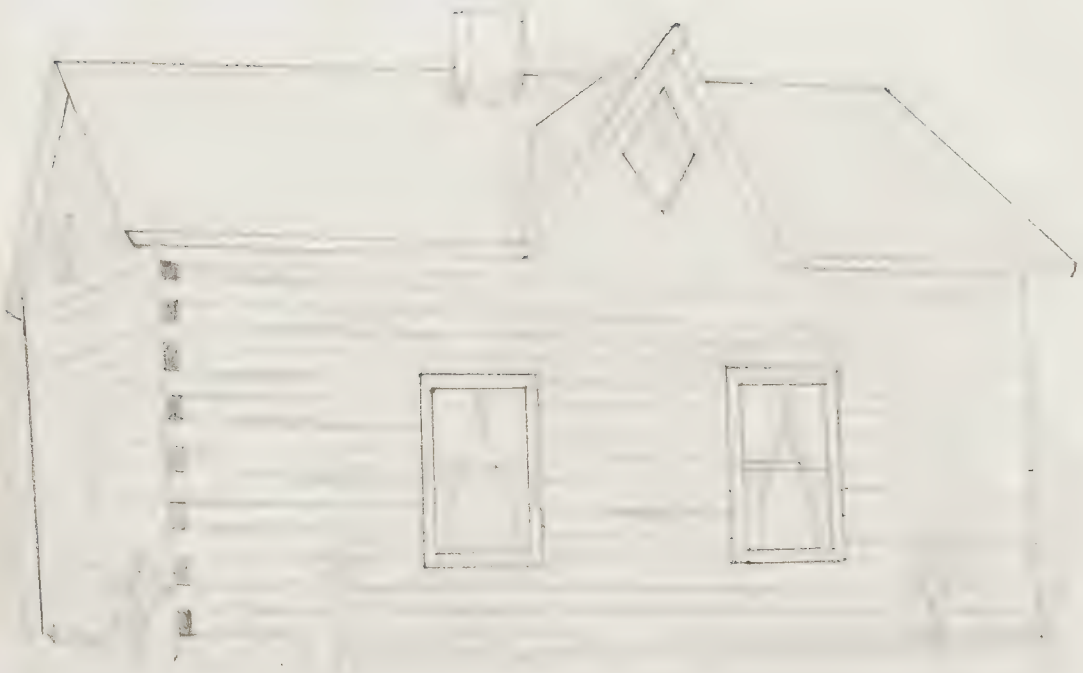
The road to laughter beckons me,
  The road to all that's best;
The home road where I merrily see
  The castle of my rest;
The path where all is fine and fair,
  And little children run,
For love and joy are waiting there
  As soon as day is done.

There is no rich reward of fame
  That can compare with this;
At home I wear an honest name,
  My lips are fit to kiss.
At home I'm always brave and
    strong,
  And with the setting sun
They find no trace of shame or
    wrong
  In anything I've done.

There shine the eyes that only see
  The good I've tried to do;
They think me what I'd like to be;
  They know that I am true,
And whether I have lost my fight
  Or whether I have won,
I find a faith that I've been right
  As soon as day is done.

--E. B. West.

Syren's first home for 7 yrs.



Syren's Present Home.

A Pioneer

Mr. Duchnowski was one of the pioneers of this community. He is our grandfather and lives a mile from our home. Nearly every Saturday we go up to his place to see him, but he has not seen us for four years. He knows us by our voices.

Mr. Duchnowski left Germany in 1912 with his wife and two children, a boy of three and a girl of two, (our mother). He worked in mines in Nova Scotia for three years. In April, 1915 he came here and settled on the S.W. ¼, Sec. 20, Tp. 38, R. 4, W. 5. He bought a team of oxen, a cow and a heifer.

The first year he cleared and broke five acres of land. He used the oxen for pulling stumps, plowing, hauling logs, ~~and for pulling stumps, plowing, hauling logs~~ and for going to town. Sometimes on the way to town the oxen stuck in the muskeg. Grandfather had to take off his shoes, roll up his overalls and try to get them out. He laid logs for the oxen to scramble out on. He hauled logs for a house and other buildings. That same year he put up fifteen tons of hay by hand. He cut first harvest by hand.

The second year he cleared and broke five more acres, built more fences and some corrals. He put up more hay. From that harvest he earned enough money to buy two more cows. Winter came and he went to the mining camps to work for two months. When he returned he got out enough logs to build a barn.

The third year he cleared and broke five more acres. At that time there were no threshing machines in this part. Each one threshed his grain with a flail. Last year we made a flail at school. Threshing must have been very slow and hard. After harvest that year he went to work. He sold the oxen and bought three horses. During the winter he earned to pay for the horses.

In the following year he cropped fifteen acres and cleared ten more. The horses must have been much better than the oxen. He still used a walking plow. For having he used a mower for the first time.

Each year following he cleared and broke a set amount of land. In 1920 the first threshing machine was brought in. The winter of 1920 was very long. Everyone ran out of feed. A ton of hay was worth $30. One man brought in a saw mill. The farmers all cut logs and had lumber made.

Then Mr. Duchnowski built a new house and barn. To-day his farm is all cleared. He has been a steady hard working man. His only son died of appendicitis at the age of twelve. To-day that same life may have been saved. Mr. Duchnowski has done his pioneering with the help of his wife alone.

In 1939 he took an illness which left him blind. He is now unable to work. He sees his farming done. How glad he is when we come to see him. He cannot tell a sunshiny day from a cloudy one.

We, the cheerful, sinewy race, all the rest on us depend.
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

About six months before the last war began my parents left Edinburgh for Canada. They heard that this was a very good country. They knew some people in Trochu so went there to look for land. After two years in Trochu they bought a farm near Lethbridge. They did not like it there. Waterton Lakes being nearby they went there for a two-months' holiday. While there they met a Mr. Major, an American who had a farm for sale at Condor.

Before deciding on this farm my parents went to look at land in the Peace River Country. They did not like it there so decided to buy our present farm at Condor and moved here on June 17, 1918. We paid sixteen dollars per acre for the quarter section and later bought another quarter.

At first they were very much discouraged with the prospects of making a living. Ten acres of land was already cleared, the rest bush. There were bush trails but no roads. A small house made of lumber was on the farm when they bought it and we are still living in that same house. Some of the settlers told us we have to shoot rabbits and prairie chickens for food. However, we went ahead and brushed and broke till our backs ached. We did not need to shoot prairie chicken because we could knock them 'doon wi' ' a stick.

Three years after we came in Northup School was built. My brother Hugh was one of the first pupils. He was nine years old when he started. He went through high school in Red Deer and then to Camrose Normal. He never taught school because that profession was not to his liking. He wanted to be a carpenter, but my parents made him go to Normal. He is now doing carpenter work at Prince George, British Columbia.

We have enjoyed ups and downs of the pioneers. We have seen the bush trails become well travelled highways.

Our family of seven has left us but one. We have seen winter temperatures vary from mild to so severe that the thermometer would "no' " register. We broke our first land with oxen and the last with tractor. This has been our home for the last thirty years and think it always will be.

William Mackie.

[illegible]

Mother left Red Jacket, Saskatchewan, in May, 1909 for Moose Jaw. My grandfather was going to take up land there for his sons to homestead. But when grandmother saw it was prairie she wouldn't stay there so they thought they could come west of Red Deer. They sold some cattle and things in Moose Jaw because it was too hard to get water for stock. In the dry belt in Alberta and Saskatchewan the train hauled the water and you had to pay so much a barrel for it, before the irrigation went through. As we went farther west it seemed the people were more civilized. They arrived at Strathmore in September 1909. It was too late to go any farther so they stayed there all winter. Grandfather bought a house and lot and threshing machine and went out threshing that fall.

In May, 1910, dad and another friend of his came to Strathmore to buy land. They met grandfather. As he was going to take up land west of Red Deer they decided to go with him. They shipped the cattle and implements to Red Deer by train and drove by horses themselves. It took eight days to come from Strathmore to Red Deer.

By team six men came out here (Northup) to look for land. They took up the the farms that we now live on. There were no roads and very few people had horses. Grandfather had the contract to haul freight to Burnt Lake, Sylvan Lake, Evarts and Pitcocks. It was very hard to get anywhere owing to bad roads and muskeg. They used pack horses rather than a rig.

In August, 1914 the railroad was ready for the train to come through. In 1915, it started carrying the mail. There was a post office in Condor in 1915.

There was no school district between Crossguard and Daisy Lake. The ratepayers had an educational tax of two dollars. Many children sacrificed for the want of education. In 1911 they started making preparations for a school district. In 1912 the School District was formed. Three names were suggested for it. They were Highlandale, Heatherdale, and Gertrude. Because the first two were given to other schools they called it Northup. The G was mistaken for an N. So it is without a meaning. Gertrude was the name of a family here.

In 1920 the tenders were out to build a new school. Mr. Whaley was let the contract and built it. Dad insured it against fire in February, 1921. When the school was ready to teach in in the spring of 1921. In the fall of 1921 there were tenders out for its painting. Dad [illegible] the contract. The first entertainment held in the school was a pie social and dance for a needy family.

Her advice to us is-- Whatever you start finish it well, and don't buy a return ticket till it is well done.

Violet Macbeth

[illegible]'s

Mother's home town was in Hungary. From there she moved to Germany to live for three years. She and her husband left Germany for Canada in 1910. They came by Gilard and Selkirk to Quebec. After a week on the train they arrived in British Columbia. There they lived for four years.

In 1914 they moved to where we live now. (There her husband died). The farm then was all bush. They cleared land and built a house near a trail. That trail never became a main road, and now our house is so far back no one can see it from the road.

There were bears and beavers on the land then. The beavers built a big dam which is still there.

My father was in the German army in the last war. When the war quit conditions were so poor that he came out to Canada to make a living. He came through the Panama Canal to Vancouver. Not being able to speak English he found it very hard to get work. He had worked in a store in Germany and got work in a mine in Alberta. He left that and went from place to place. One dark night he was out of lost, saw a light, went to that house, knocked. It was Mother's house. She sent him to the neighbours.

Later they married.

Time speeds on bringing many changes with it. To-day we take our milk one and one-half miles to the highway daily, where a truck picks it up and races into Red Deer to the condensery. All this was unthought of when we came in 1914. We wonder what developments lie ahead.

[illegible]'s

My parents are Americans. They moved from United States to Saskatchewan first and took to Alberta. They farmed at Delia for about twelve years. In 1908 because of continued lack of crops they moved here to Bentley. At Delia drought and grasshoppers destroyed our grain, pastures and garden. This farm was advertised for sale in the paper. They found it and moved in with stock and implements to try their farming.

Since 1914 we notice improvements on every side. The roads are better, more land has been cleared, better farm implements are used and a new school has been built.

We like the trees and wonderful view of the mountains and the rain. Financially, one could never, over a period of years, get the returns that the prairie would give in one good year.

[illegible] Bland.

G. F. [illegible], [illegible]

Grandpa was born in Nova Scotia in 1883. At the age of 13 years he ran away from home and started out on his own. He joined the army when he was 18 and fought in the Boer War.

On the voyage to Africa he ate so much soup (not always good) that to this day he can not eat soup.

The cavalry horses had to be taken by boat from Canada. Each soldier took great pride in his own horse. When they arrived the horses were made to swim ashore. One, belonging to an officer, drowned. The officer took Grandpa's horse. Grandpa is still sorry with having to give up his horse.

In South Africa the cavalry advanced so fast that the food supply could not keep up. It was transported by mule teams and wagons. Most of them had to wait hours for food, thus delaying their advance.

One day one of the men discarded a suit of underwear. Later in the day Grandpa spotted a black with the underwear on. He had his legs through the arms and his arms through the legs. Grandpa says that the blacks would pick up everything the soldiers discarded.

After the war Grandpa returned and lived in the United States for a few years. On returning to Canada he married in Nova Scotia. In Nova Scotia he worked in a foundry as an iron moulder. Grandpa knew Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph. He often spent hours in the foundry watching the men work.

His wife took ill so he moved to Calgary where he worked in the Crown Shops. In 1916 his wife died of tuberculosis. Later he remarried.

In 1922 he moved to Ortnup district where he purchased a farm under the Soldiers' Settlement plan. On the trip here another man's cattle were in the same box-car as Grandpa's belonging. When they got to the station in Condor eggs were broken and splattered on the furniture, the dog was sitting on the piano, and the chickens were flying about.

When Grandpa came to this community twenty-one years ago there were nine acres broken on his quarter-section; now there are ninety acres.

He added to the log house and built a barn. Last fall he bought another house to move on the farm. It will be more comfortable.

Leonora C. Raabe.

Mr. A. MacLellan--PIONEER

Mr. MacLellan was born in Scotland in 1878. He lived there with his parents until they died. He was then a young boy. In 1902 he married and continued farming till 1925. That year he came to Canada with a family of nine. He came to this Country where land was plentiful so that his children could take up farms near him. Today he has none of his children with him.

He came to Western Canada to look for land about Red Deer, and finally settled on Section fourteen of our community. He chose this particular spot because a man near there spoke Gaelic. There are several families here who speak Gaelic yet, in the home.

The quarter he settled on had sixteen acres of cleared land when he came and now has one hundred. He did all the clearing by hand. His first crop yielded five hundred bushels of wheat from nine acres. From the other seven he had six hundred bushels of oats. Each year he cleared and broke more land. How glad he was when he had cleared enough to permit him to see Von Hollen's light.

The first buildings were an old shack and little log barn. Today he has two barns and a big house.

His work has been long and hard with small returns for many years. One year he had calves for sale, and was offered fifteen dollars each for them. He decided to keep them till they were two years. This he did and the price was fifteen dollars again. He kept them till they were three years old and the price was still fifteen dollars. He sold them. He has sold wheat for nineteen cents a bushel and horses for twenty dollars a head. But he does not give up.

Many a tear was shed when Mrs. MacLellan and a neighbor lady visited for the afternoon of those far-off days. They felt they had been brought to an inescapable wilderness.

MacLellans have two sons in the armed forces. Both are Lorthup ex-pupils.

Here's to the pioneers! How can a man or woman ever be repaid for the years of their lives devoted thus to Alberta soil!

[illegible]

Dad was born in Scotland. He started to work for himself when he was fifteen. He herded sheep for four years. (We make our living here from sheep). In winter he used to herd them by the sea shore.

In 1910 he came to Canada to Bassano, Alberta. He farmed there for a few years, married, and then moved to Hulton north-east of Bassano. It was so dry there they moved to this part of Alberta. In here he lived west of MacDonald's first. That is where my sister and I were born. We lived there for two years and then moved to another farm near there. All our chickens died on that place. Next we moved to a place one mile south of the school. Here we got nailed out three times, frosted out once, and had one good crop. This winter we move again, to a place north of the school. We don't know how this land will be.

My grandparents came out from England in 1911. On their way to Canada they stopped at the rocky island of Cable. They lived in a house one-quarter of a mile from us. They were late pioneers of Northup.

Robert Lindsay
Grade six

[illegible]

Bert is one of those fellows whom everybody knows and likes. He helps everyone and harms none. He comes from North Nibley which is near Berkley in Gloucestershire, England. (Tyndale who translated the Bible was born there also. In that town stands a 250-foot monument to Tyndale's memory.)

For adventure Bert left England. He particularly liked hunting and wanted to buy a farm. His trail led to Northup in 1910 where he purchased land on sections 26 and 35. For many years he was on our school-board where he constantly upheld the right. His small son, David, went to this school.

After the sad death of his family he rented his farm and became postmaster in Condor. There he is to-day but he has not forgotten Northup.

Map showing residents of Northup community

ghway

Wm. Cruikshank	C. Arnold	O. Myers	D. Blair	V. Stratton	J. Prendergast
A. Avery	G. Doyle M. Raabe	J. Craig	A. Blair	J. Prendergast	M. Lawrence
A. Avery	Wm. Hulcard	J. Henderson	A. Blair	J. Neubert	P. Bradshaw
H. B. Co.	H. B. Co.	Jas. W. Poland	Mrs. Matthews	R. Lindsay Wm. Hornby	A. Bradshaw
G. Bigalow	G. Bigalow	Northup School J. W. Poland	J. Marcinek	G. Mattson	W. Syren
H. MacLellan	Mrs. T. G. Perry	W. Munro	J. Marcinek	B. Draper	F. Bartosko
J. MacDonald	J. Macbeth	J. Macbeth	F. Rand	B. Draper	C. Galarneau
H. MacLellan	A. Christiansen	C. MacDonald	F. Rand	J. Laitinen	P. Lagore
W. Tuck		J. W. Poland			

Names of pupils' parents are underlined.

Small squares represent quarter sections.

Jean Poland and Marietta MacDonald
Gr. IX

MARCINEK'S OLD BARN.

MARCINEK'S NEW BARN.

In 1928 we left Poland for United States of America and were married in Detroit. We farmed in United States for awhile and then returned to Poland, with four children. The climate did not agree with Mrs. Lardinen so once again we made the long journey to America, this time we settled on a farm in Saskatchewan. The crops were good for two years. After that they were completely dried out. So were we.

In the paper a farm at Condor was advertised for sale. We bought that farm, one-half section which is one quarter of a mile east of Northup School. We brought some stock with us from Saskatchewan and left everything else for the machine companies we owed.

We moved here in 1936, have cleared and broke 160 acres of land, have a car, tractor, threshing machine, and last fall built a modern barn.

Northup district is the best place of all.

Mr. and Mrs. Lardinen

Another Newcomer

My father was born in Denmark 46 years ago. He had no brothers or sisters and did not live with his parents when small. At the age of 12 he had to make his own living. When he was 18 he left Denmark for Canada.

He came straight to Camrose, Alberta. There at a Lutheran College he learned the English language. He worked on a farm near Camrose for two years. From there he came to Drumheller where he has worked in a mine ever since.

My mother was born in Nova Scotia. When her father heard of the high wages paid the miners in Drumheller he moved there with his family.

After seventeen years of work in a mine my father decided he did not want his sons to have to work in a mine. Two years ago he bought a quarter section of land one and one quarter miles from Northstump School and moved here with his family.

He still works in the mine and we are alone with our mother. Someday our father will quit work in the mine and come home to farm.

When we first went to Northstump school it seemed so queer. The road was so long we thought we'd never get there. We had never taken our lunch to school before and we had never ever gone to the same school. The four of us even went to different schools. Here we were all in the same room and saw and heard what each other said and did. At night when we went home we had a dreadful time telling on each other. We did not like the tables either. Now we are used to it and it is alright.

My father and I like it better here, but, the rest of the family like Drumheller best.

In our midst we have a very interesting pair, Dr. [illegible], who came, with [illegible], to live in our community [illegible] years ago. His three children, now two grown men, receive their medical [illegible]. Mr. Peck was a mail carrier in Salem for fifteen years. But what is more interesting was the year he spent in India as a soldier. To-day two of the boys went to him to secure a wealth of material because of his wide experience here and abroad. Then, they chose a day when he had his annual "out cry". Mrs. Peck asked the boys to come again.

[illegible] of a School

A few of the children of the community were almost grown up and had never been to school. The majority were arriving at school age or just a year or two beyond. This was [illegible]. Their parents decided they must have a school. [illegible] school [illegible] was appointed. It agreed on the ~~the~~ site and purchased two acres of land from [illegible] for twenty dollars. Nothing more was done for two years. Then a new board consisting of Bert Avery, Tom Frol, and Mr. [illegible], was elected. They saw that the building was erected. The total cost of the school was eight hundred dollars, after the lumber had been donated, and hauled to the school grounds. Several years later the barn was built at a cost of two hundred dollars. The present school is valued at three thousand dollars, that is twenty two hundred dollars more and is twenty two hundred times better.

[illegible] accounts of the building discussions could have been given if the first minute book had been available. It was burned with Mrs. Abel's house.

1921.

Olga Syren
GR IX

This is Northup School as it looked in 1921 when built. (The picture was taken in 1926.)

This picture was taken in 1921. It shows the first pupils who went to this school. Each of these is attending for the first time in his life. Some of the girls in the back row such as Mary Lahti, and Daisy Perry are eighteen and nineteen years of age. George Perry, in the back row, is fourteen. Last boy, second row, is the eldest Munro boy. To-day the youngest of that family attends. Front row number five, is the eldest in the Syren family. To-day the youngest attends. Number four, second row, is Mrs. Neubert's eldest son. To-day the youngest child of that family attends.

That same building, a teachers cottage today,

shows traces of age

and a general flavor of mild decay.

1926.

1930.

1928.

1936.

Div. III

Div I. II. and III

Div. I.

Div. II.

BICYCLE SQUAD

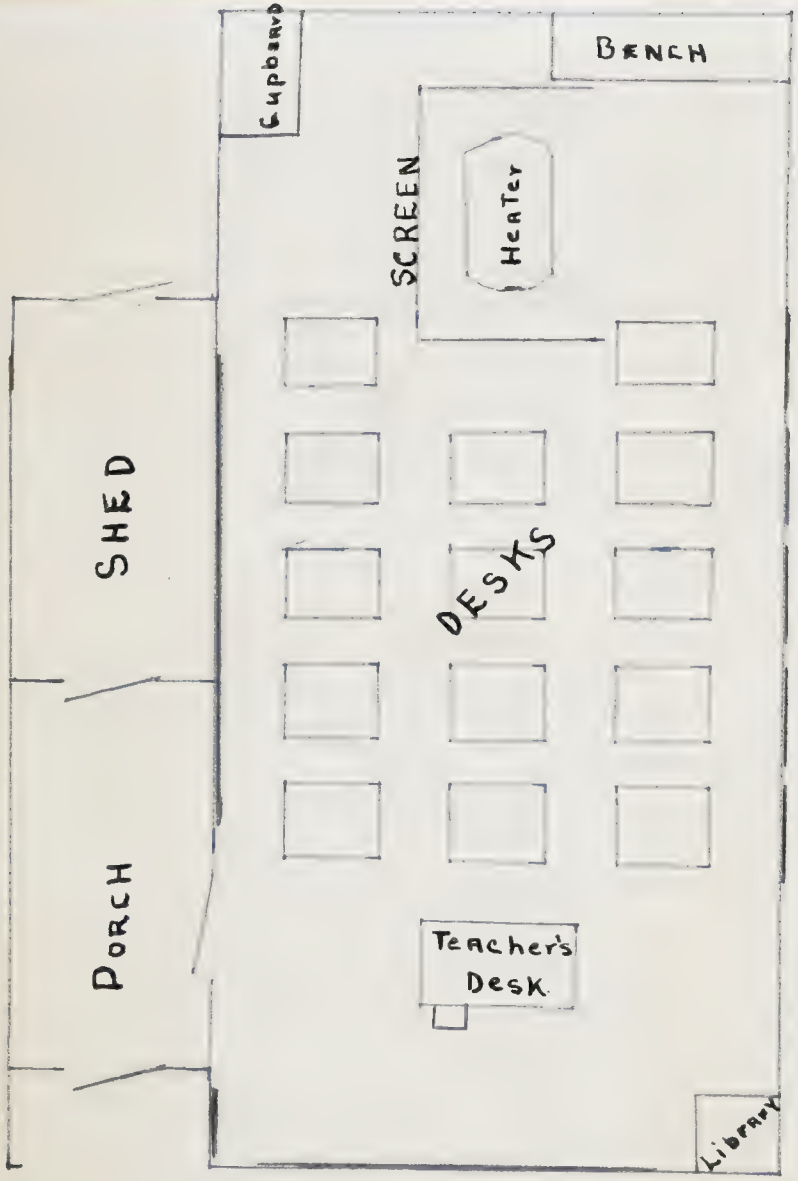
1943.

[illegible]

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood:
And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings, few are of courtly birth,
But few are vagabonds or rovers of doubtful name and worth;
And all have one credential that entitles us to brag--
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

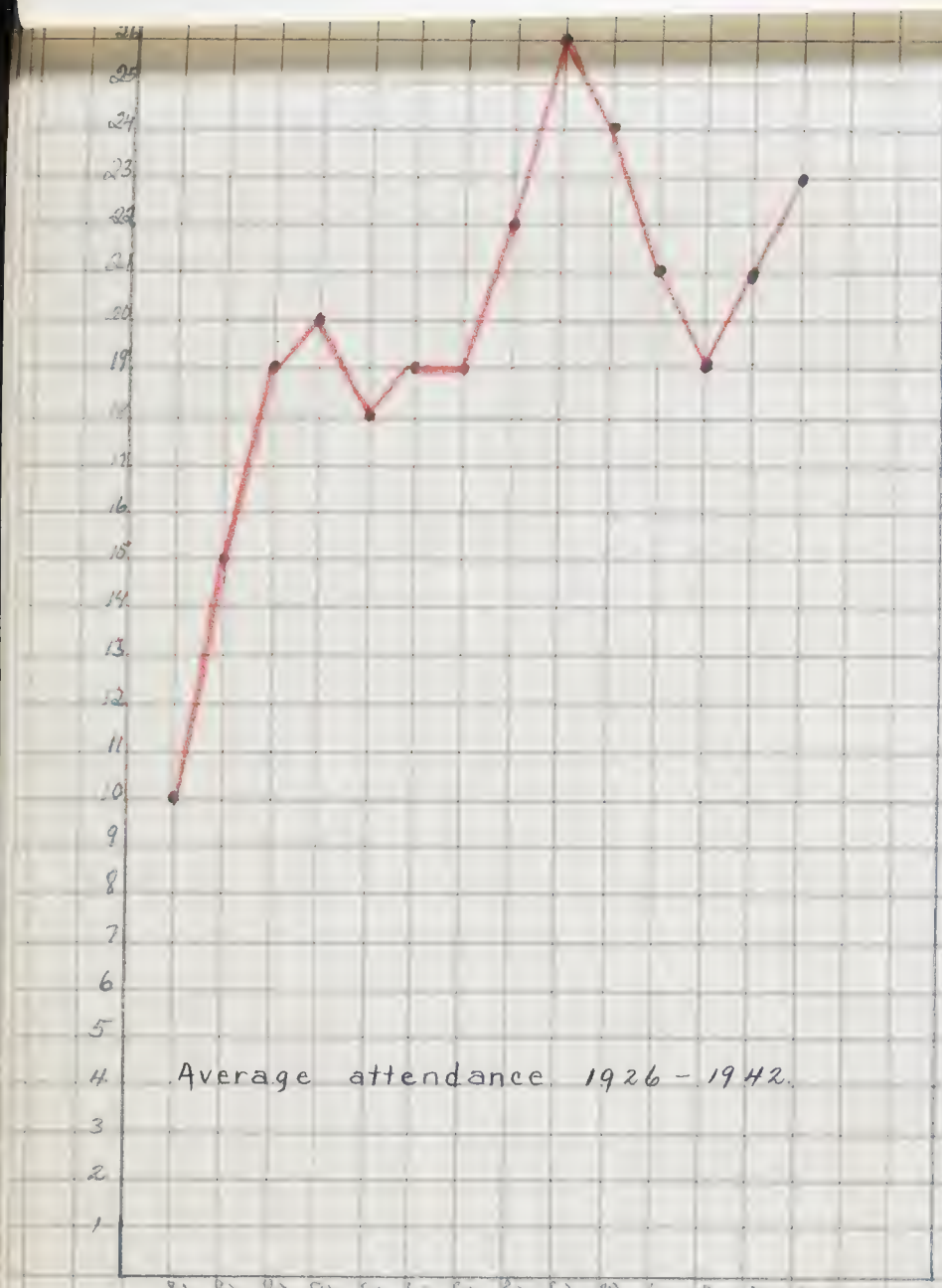
We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame,
But we have gold and glory in our clean colonial name;
And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.



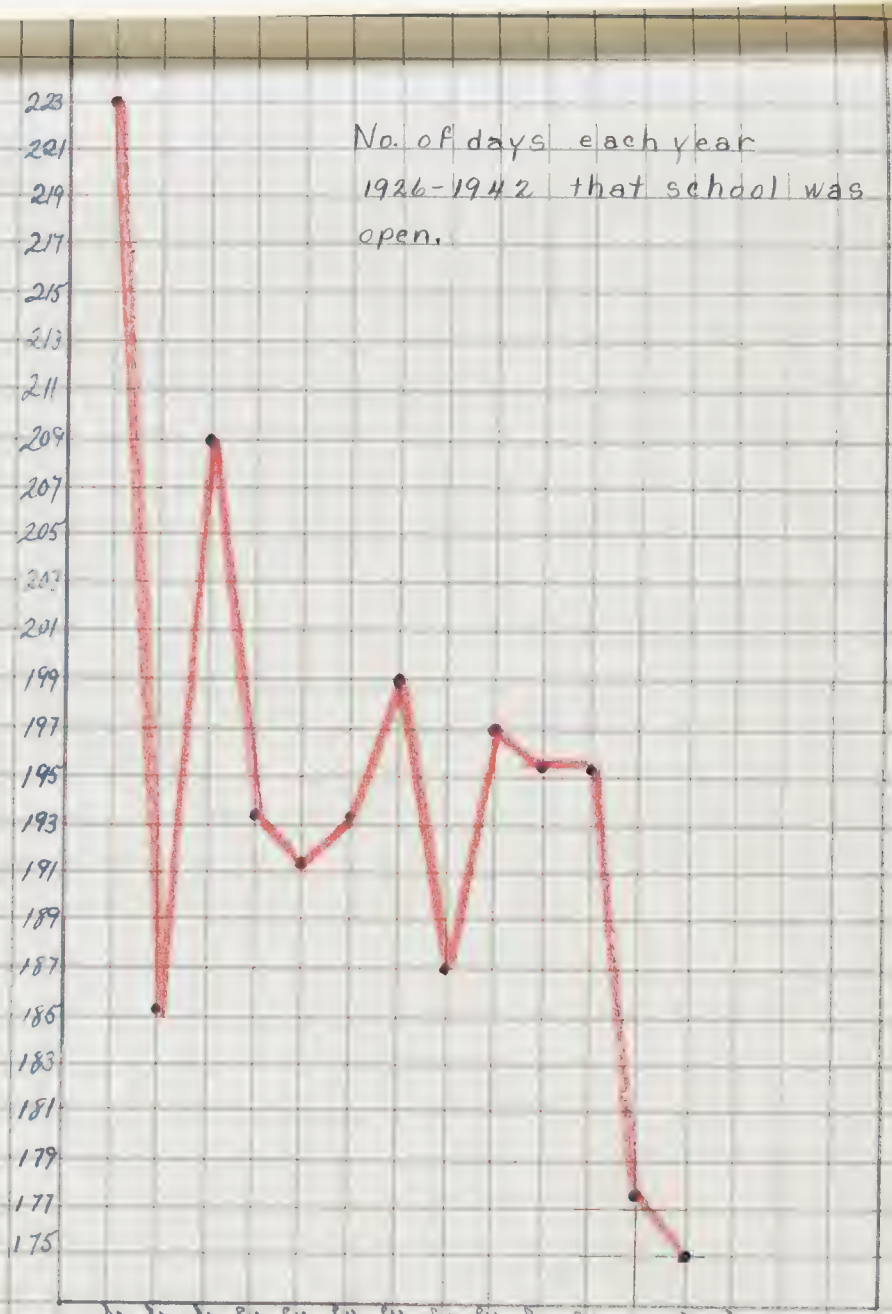
Interior of Old School
1921-1940

Present Interior of Same Building

Marietta MacDonald
Gr. IX



HILJA SYREN
GRADE VI



WALTER MATTSON
GRADE VIII

[illegible] AND [illegible]

Our first school inspector was Mr. Gibson. He must have been in this part a long time, for he signed our 1880-84 register. After him came Mr. MacLean whom everyone remembers with smiles because of his great interest in sports. Then came Mr. Thurber, whose little dog used to run all around the school. On one of his visits it followed Catherine and Marietta part way home. Next came Mr. Ross, who came sometimes to inspect the school (and teach us fractions) some times to hunt ducks. Once his car was stuck in the mud. He walked to Doyle's for a team. Mr. Doyle, on seeing a man coming up the lane said "Well, I'm going out to the barn so I don't have to help this fellow out". However he met Mr. Ross face to face behind some buildings and it wasn't long till the two of them were going out across the pasture with the halters and a pail of oats, to catch the horses.

Our present inspector or supervisor is Mr. Barnes. We shouldn't write anything about him, should we?

We have had many teachers, and sometimes several in one year. One was here for two months only. Our third last one was here for eight years. Some pupils received their entire school education from him. His name was Mr. L. Pollock. Another of our teachers is now married and living near Condor.

Health

In the early days of our school diseases seem to have been fewer than in later times. There was no health nurse or doctor, so this condition may possibly have been due to a greater isolation of the people.

Later the usual and periodic epidemics of children's diseases broke out: whooping-cough, mumps, chicken-pox, and measles of two kinds etc.

The lice scourge is one we all remember and not can laugh at. They came in 1933. The first to have them was a poor family of children with an invalid mother. When this family moved away, they gave them to another family (related). The result was the vermin were in the school for years.

We played with those children but always tried to keep our heads away from theirs. Sometimes we had to sit with them. No child escaped the dreaded plague. The girls all cut their hair short. Our mothers spent hours of their time trying to rid us of this pest. Some washed their hair in coal-oil. If that had happened to-day the children would have been sent home and not allowed to return till rid of all lice.

In the fall of 1935 everyone under twenty-one years of age had to remain in his own yard because of infantile paralysis. In 1939 our school was not closed at all, yet two families within three and one-half miles of here had it, and one died with it. In the fall of 1940 all schools were closed for three weeks.

In the summer of 1940 one case of scarlet fever appeared. When school started another child took it and the teacher Miss Nexliczuk. This meant a six weeks holiday. Yet we had to come to school every Sunday for five weeks to be inoculated. Any grown-up who wanted it were done too.

In 1936 the local board hired Mrs. Mastran, ex-nurse of the district, to come to the school every three months to examine the children. Her examination was similar to the one we get now. She did this work for a period of one and one-half years. This work was again resumed in 1941 when the Rocky Mountain School Division hired a full time health nurse and purchased a car for her transportation. She has visited our school twice. Last year as a result of her visit two had tonsils removed, two bought glasses, four had teeth attended to. This year she found fifteen with defective teeth, and three with defective tonsils. We value this system and believe many children will receive care which otherwise would not have.

From the time the old school was built till we moved into this building the drinking water was kept in an old pail on a stool in the entry with one cup for all. In the winter the water froze and well do we remember banging of the ice with the cup to get water. When the new school was being built we stared at a drinking fountain we saw Mr. Ross carry in. Sometimes we ridicule old customs considering them to be of by-gone days. But if the truth were better

know we might still find them common.

The heating and ventilating systems of the new and old buildings are incomparable. The air battered drum heater of the old school scorched one side of your body while the other froze. The first window blinds were purchased when the Division took over. Till then the sun glared in on you and your books at will.

The old school had no cloakrooms. There was a row of hooks at the back of the room which never held half of the clothing. Always a pile of hats and coats lay on the floor to be trampled upon. Many times these were so close to the stove they were burned. All the lunch pails were piled two or three deep on a little bench at the back of the room. Almost daily someone's tumbled off and spilled. The new school has no accommodation for lunch pails either.

The tables in our school were some of the first built. They are not constructed in a way that we can get our knees under the table. We are not able to sit as straight as we should.

We learn more and more of foods and health rules. We know much more of health than we ever practice. The war has showed us our low standard of health. It is our duty as citizens to bring this standard to the highest level possible.

[illegible]

It seems strange when several children of our school say they could not bath in a tub. One wonders. The only bath they have known is the steam-bath. It is really the best cleanser. The home has a special bath house. It has two compartments, one for dressing and one for steam. There a fire is built to heat big rocks. Water is poured on the rocks to make the steam. Some switch the skin while in the steam. The steam bath appears to be the only bathing system in Finland and Estonia.

Christmas Concert

This school has never failed to have a Christmas concert since its beginning twenty two years ago. The pupils especially and the older ones have looked forward to these as one great day in the year. Because of lack of amusement a Christmas concert was valued almost as much as the regular school work. The school was small and always filled to capacity on those occasions. As was unusual no dance followed the concert because the building was so small. The disappointment was great when the Division gave orders to hold all concerts on the last afternoon of the last day of school.

In later years the attendance at these concerts appears to be greatly less.

Picnics

Like the Christmas concert the June picnic is another memorable day in this community. Money is collected previously usually one dollar per family to buy ice cream, pop, etc. and to provide cash for prize money in the various sports events. One of our residents has two outings a year only, one to the Xmas, concert and one to the school picnic. The enthusiasm for picnics seems to be dwindling also. In olden times the neighbors all met and enjoyed themselves as they did at the house-to-house parties and dances. That friendly way of pioneer family has gone. It is a feeling that our present old timers regret the passing of. Modern communication and transportation can take the blame.

School Fairs

Northup School became a member of the school fairs in 1957 and remained in it for three years. The fairs were held in Healdsville. Free buses were supplied each child. The pupils lined the school fairs. They exhibited mostly art work, writing and vegetables. The school was well represented. The total amount of prize money won is not remembered by anyone. Another fair is to be held at Healdsburg in June and this school plans to exhibit some work.

Religious participation seems to have been periodic since early days. Shortly after the old school was built Mr. Shepard preached every Sunday for a time. Mr. Mr. Robertson operated a Sunday School. He carried on with the help of his daughter, successfully for many years. Several others of the neighborhood, men and women, have taken a turn at holding Sunday School.

About seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Birch, missionaries from China, visited the school and gave an interesting talk. Mrs. Birch had two sisters attending this school now.

During the last two years there have been about a dozen church services held in the school. The attendance has been but a handful.

Bible reading, without comment, is now a daily part of the school work. It is doubtful just how much the average child understands of this, because of lack of Sunday School training.

In our community there should be a more regular church service and more should avail themselves of it. Many of our children for years have not had the opportunity to attend a Sunday School.

During the first school year a small variety of games was played. The children were not accustomed to playing together in large groups and they had not been to school before to learn different games. They played mostly running games, such as tag, and used to climb trees. Sometimes they climbed on the roof of the school. As time went on they learned to play more games.

The biggest step forward in sports took place when Mr. Pollock became teacher in 1931. He was famed for his sports. He organized football, soft-ball, hockey, and basket-ball teams among the school children and separate teams with the young people. Under his supervision the school children attended a Sports day in each of Lacombe and Red Deer. At Lacombe they won a cup for soft-ball playing. The cup is on the shelf here.

When the divisional games were organized the school went once to Eckville and once to Rocky Mountain House. At Rocky in 1942 Northup came second highest in points of the rural schools. The divisional games and equipment supplied were much appreciated by the children. Like a Christmas concert Sports were talked about for a year afterwards.

CHECKER TOURNAMENTS

The first checker tournament held at our school was in 1935. The pupils and teacher participated. Alick MacLellan was the first champion. He is now in the Royal Canadian Navy, stationed in Halifax. His sister, a grade eight pupil, is a skilful player today.

Tournaments were not revived till 1942 when one was held for entertainment at a Valentine party. The champion that year was Marietta MacDonald. Marietta lost to Jenny Syren, an 8th pupil visiting that day, but she still retained the school championship.

This year we have had new and surprising victors. Jenny Syren is the winner of division one, Arthur Lagore of division two, Olive Syren of Division three. But, Arthur Lagore in grade four, aged twelve, is the school champion. We all admire this youthful player. The champion chess player of the U.S.S.R. was only seventeen. Because of lack of training and money the talents of too many children lie dormant. Our best players seem to be from the families of those who play checkers in the home. This is one of our indoor games from which benefits other than amusement are derived.

NORTHUP JUNIOR RED CROSS 1930-43

The earliest records we have show that our Junior Red Cross was organized in September 1930. Ivar Syren, now overseas in the Royal Canadian Artillery, was the first secretary. This week his sister was able to bring to school some Red Cross letters, receipts, and a guide book that were used at that time. One letter we found to be very interesting. It named the children who were members. We also learned that each child on joining paid a fee of 25¢ with a 50-cent limit per family. To-day there is no fee. A member just signs a pledge to keep the health rules. The latter is the more difficult.

There were several reorganizations following that date, but since 1939 it has been continuous. It seems easier to carry on in war time because the need is so evident.

None of our ex pupils seem to remember much about the work accomplished or frequence of meetings. We conclude from this, their work was on a smaller scale than that of to-day. One of Ivar's receipts shows a sale of Christmas seals amounting to $1.00.

In the year 1940-41 the girls made a patchwork quilt, complete, at school. The parents were invited to a silver tea in the school. On that day the quilt was raffled. The day's proceeds amounted to $12.

Last year we made a similar quilt and gave it outright to the Red Cross. We collected a pound of old woollen clothes from each of seven families at school, and sent it away to a woollen mill in Winnipeg to be made into a blanket. We sold $6 worth of tickets on this blanket and are now using that money.

Eight of the boys each made a man's white handkerchief. We gave these and were overjoyed with the letter of thanks received. We have donated tubes, rabbit skins, clothing, money, etc. Parents are invited to the school to see the collection of articles to be donated. We filled a Ditty Bag to the value of $7 for the Navy League. We wrote poems for greeting cards, aiming to sell them.

At Christmas time we sent a fruit cake each to two boys overseas who have sisters here at school. We wish you could read one of the letters of thanks received. The local paper, the Red Deer Advocate is very often mailed by us to some of our ex pupils, now in the armed forces in Canada.

This week we are introducing a dozen tins of Vanilex to our mothers. If they consider it of very good quality we hope to secure more, sell it at a profit and thus increase our funds.

The Ladies' Red Cross in Condor, sometimes give us work to do. We are delighted to accommodate them, because our own ideas are too easily exhausted. At present we are making articles for their bazaar this fall.

We have a very capable staff of officers this year to which we owe the success of our organization. Our Health convener is very particular. The reports of his findings result in lengthy, valuable

discussions in which all take part.

Last year we concluded too many programs had substituted business meetings. To take their place we edited a school paper, called, "Wings Over Northup". The following will serve as a type of the material it contains.

[illegible]

One day John slipped on the ice and we all thought he had broken his Marcinek. Olga blew a Syren but no help came. Henry Neubert about it, but thought he was fooling so let him lay there. Charles came along, thought John was dead so he started to Po land over him to bury him. Marietta said to Mac Donald run home to tell John's brothers to come. Catherine came along Mac Lellan for all she was worth. Jack ran like Laitinen because he was scared and did not want to get mixed up in anything. Robert Lind say'd he never did a thing to him. Violet said she'd Mac a beth that he was only fooling. Glen said John was too Big alow for him to carry home. Suddenly John got up and laughed at us all. George said La Gore, it was the best joke he'd seen for a long time.

From a January issue:

Well, here it is the 22nd day of the new year, 1943. The pupils of Northup School made a New Year's resolution and we hope it will be carried out faithfully. They promised to work harder.

From a 1942 issue:

[illegible]

1. What color do red and blue make? Violet of course. Well, why does Henry like red and blue?

2. Why the tip of Jack's left thumb is so brown?

3. Why Jean reads so much?

4. Why Percy is so loud and lively when the teacher is out?

5. Why Henry is so straight and William so bent?

6. What Hilja would do if she started laughing and couldn't stop?

The work and need of the Red Cross was never so great as to-day. In this vast undertaking the Northup Juniors have played but a minute part. We can do much more. We are glad to have had its value impressed upon us during our young days that we may throughout our lives, never forget the Red Cross.

Education

Nortup School has been in operation for the past twenty two years with an average of at least twenty pupils per year attending. This would mean that approximately four hundred pupils have passed through its doors. We have registers for fourteen years. We have searched the names of the pupils to try to find out how many learned a trade or profession. The result is one school teacher, two stenographers, one bookkeeper, and one boy with crippled feet who became a shoemaker in London. The boys became farmers or did common labour. The girls married or did housework.

This seems to be a bad showing. Perhaps much of it has been due to their being needed at home especially in the early days; lack of money and little chance to secure a position if they were qualified.

This year we had a most interesting discussion comparing the man with a skilled trade and the one without. At present the older pupils here have all been thinking of their future. There are girls whose present aims are to be--two stenographers, two dressmakers, clerk in a store, five nurses, one stewardess on a ship, store keeper, hair dresser. And boys who want to be--farmer, truck driver, trapper, mechanic, carpenter rancher, soldier, two pilots, cowboy, lion tamer and mechanic.

We believe every one should be taught a trade.

School Supplies

Pencils and exercise books were never supplied free of charge in this school, till the school division came into being. These have so far been sufficient to carry through the year except once. That year the supply of ink scribblers ran short. The average cost of the supplies is about ninety cents per pupil per year. For this school this means thirty-six times ninety or to equal twenty-three dollars and forty cents per year. Individual supplies would amount to much more than ninety cents each. The supplies are of the best quality and nothing is lost by waiting till a trip can be made to town to purchase them. The children try to conserve supplies and realize they are really paying for them when they pay their parents.

MY FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL

When I started to school I didn't like it. It wasn't bad the first few days but after that I didn't like school.

One day when I came home from school my mother and dad were not home. My brother told me they would never come home again. So after that I didn't like school. I thought my parents might go away and never come back again.

Every day my two brothers and I walked to school together. They teased me. They said my mother and father were going to go away. I always thought they were telling me the truth.

Some days they could hardly get me to go to school. When I did get there I cried most of the time and wanted to go home. The teacher wouldn't let me go home. He used to stand in the the doorway to keep me from getting out and running home. I tried every way and at all times to get out and go home. Many times I did get out and away home.

One day I ate my lunch with the girls. We sat on the east side (nearest home) of the school. This was a good chance to get away. I ran off down the road. My brother ran, caught me and dragged me back. I fought him with my lunch pail. Some of the girls still remember seeing this fight and the older ones all remember the time I had when I started.

I cried so much that my parents decided to take me out of school until I wanted to come back. I stayed out from that fall till Easter, then started back and have been going ever since.

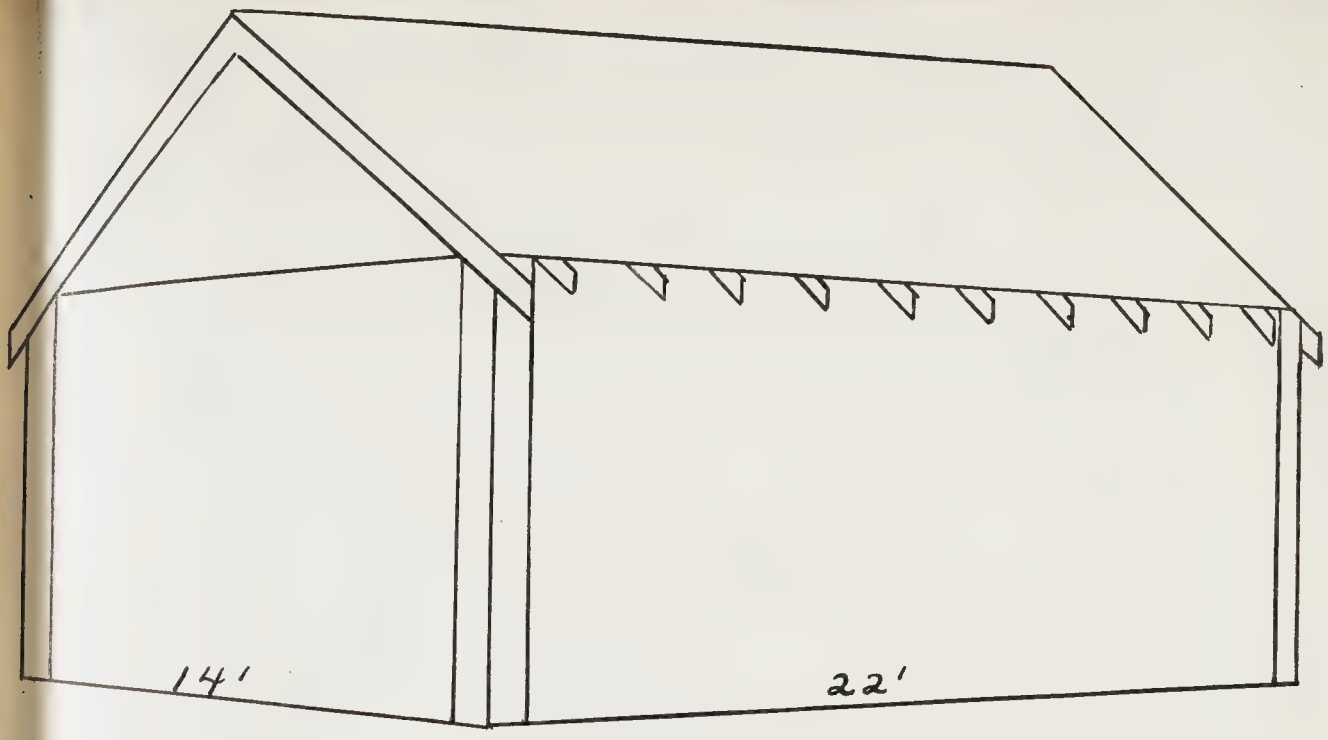
I am now a big girl of fifteen in grade six. My father worries about my education because he thinks I'll soon want to quit school. (Th[illegible]ple teasing was dangerous to me, setting me back one year of school, which I could not regain). My parents never knew why I was so hard to force to school. From this experience I have learned never to fool small children.

Annie Neubert

.....

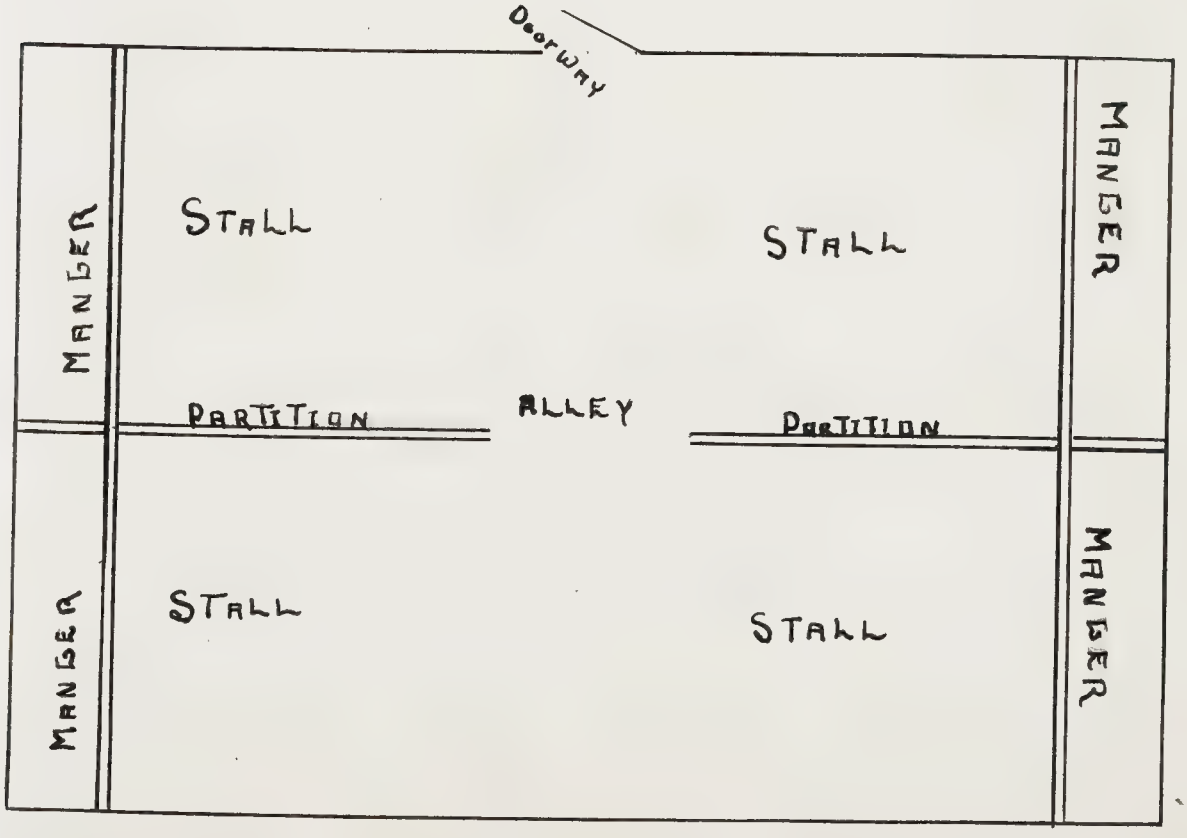
Records in an old register show where Annie was repeatedly reported for non-attendance. The reason stated was that the child feared me, hers was becoming a serious case.

Without the real truth one is so often far misled.



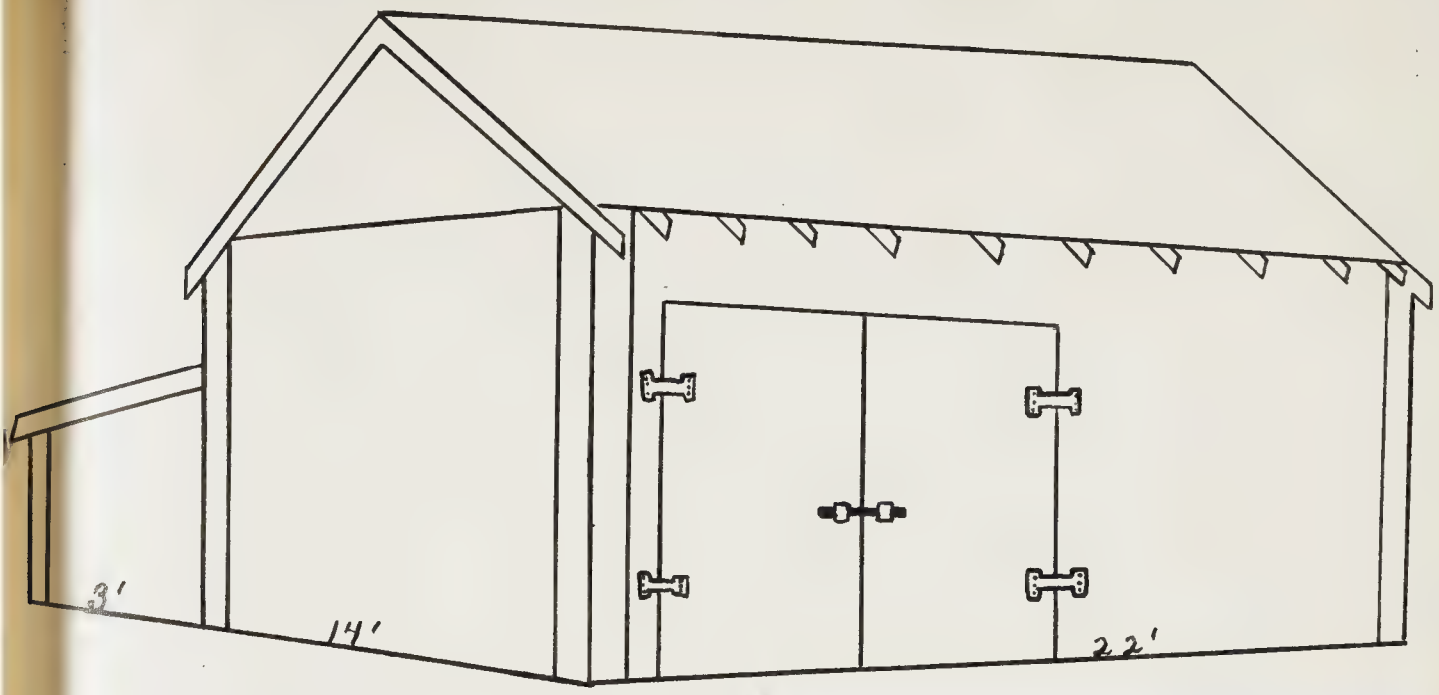
uilt 193H.
Previous to this
no barn at all.

BARN



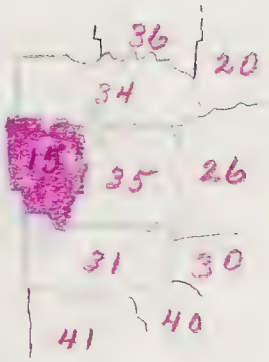
INTERIOR

Gr. VIII W. MATTSON

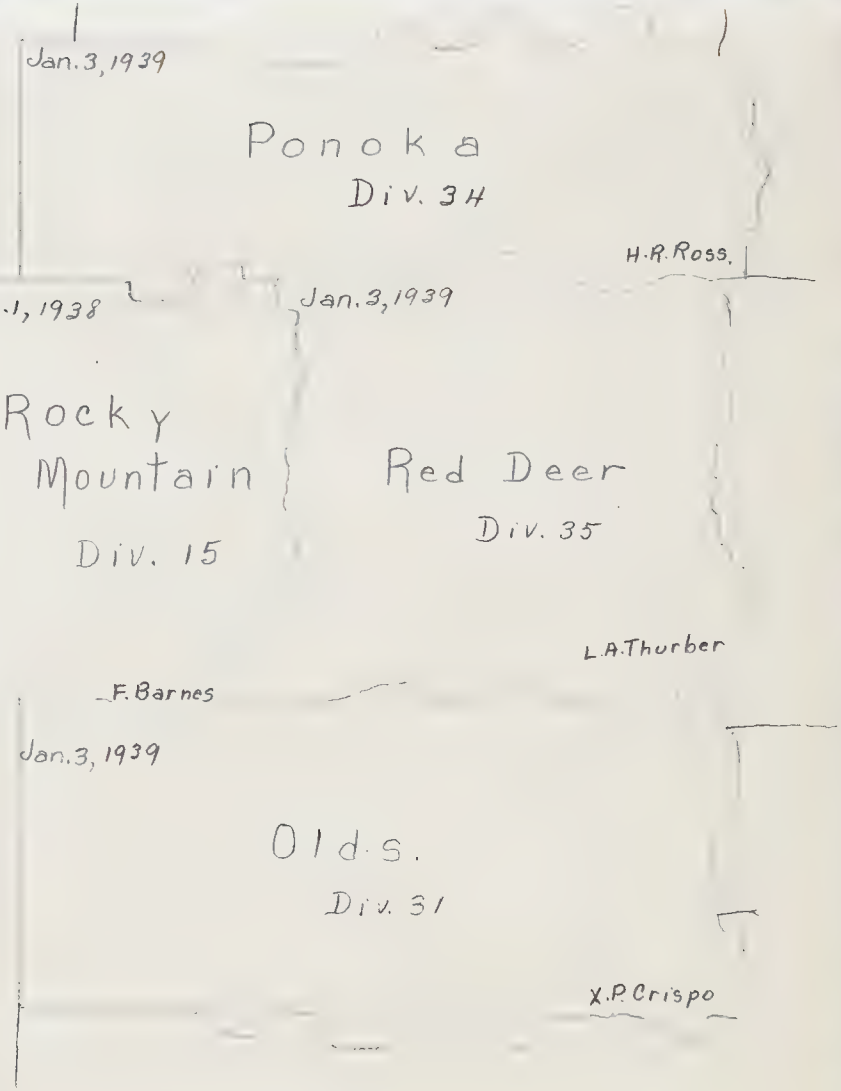


rations for
made in 1942.

Gr. VIII W. MATTSo



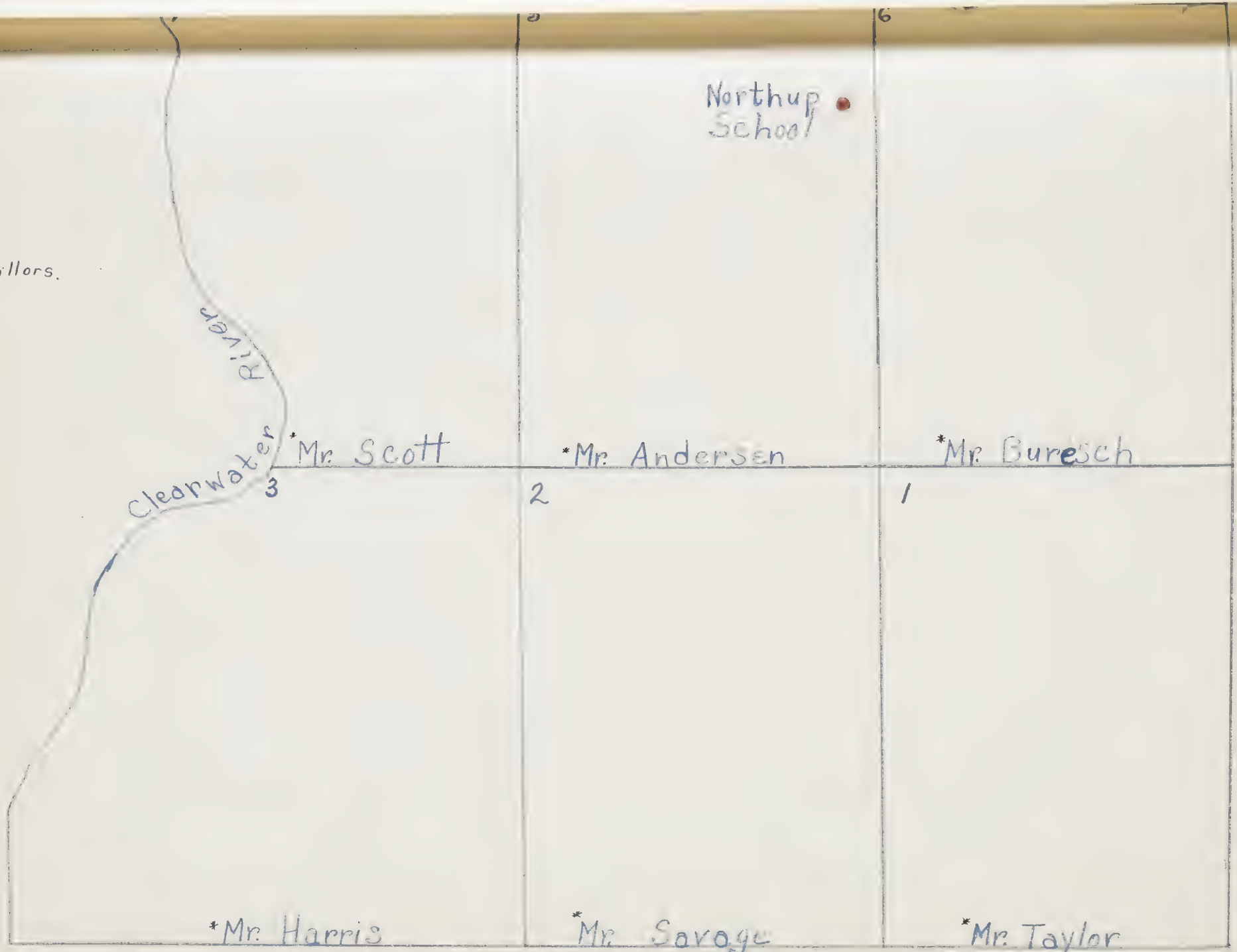
Map showing location of our school division



Our neighbouring divisions and year each was organized.

Marietta Mac Donald
Grade IX

S.

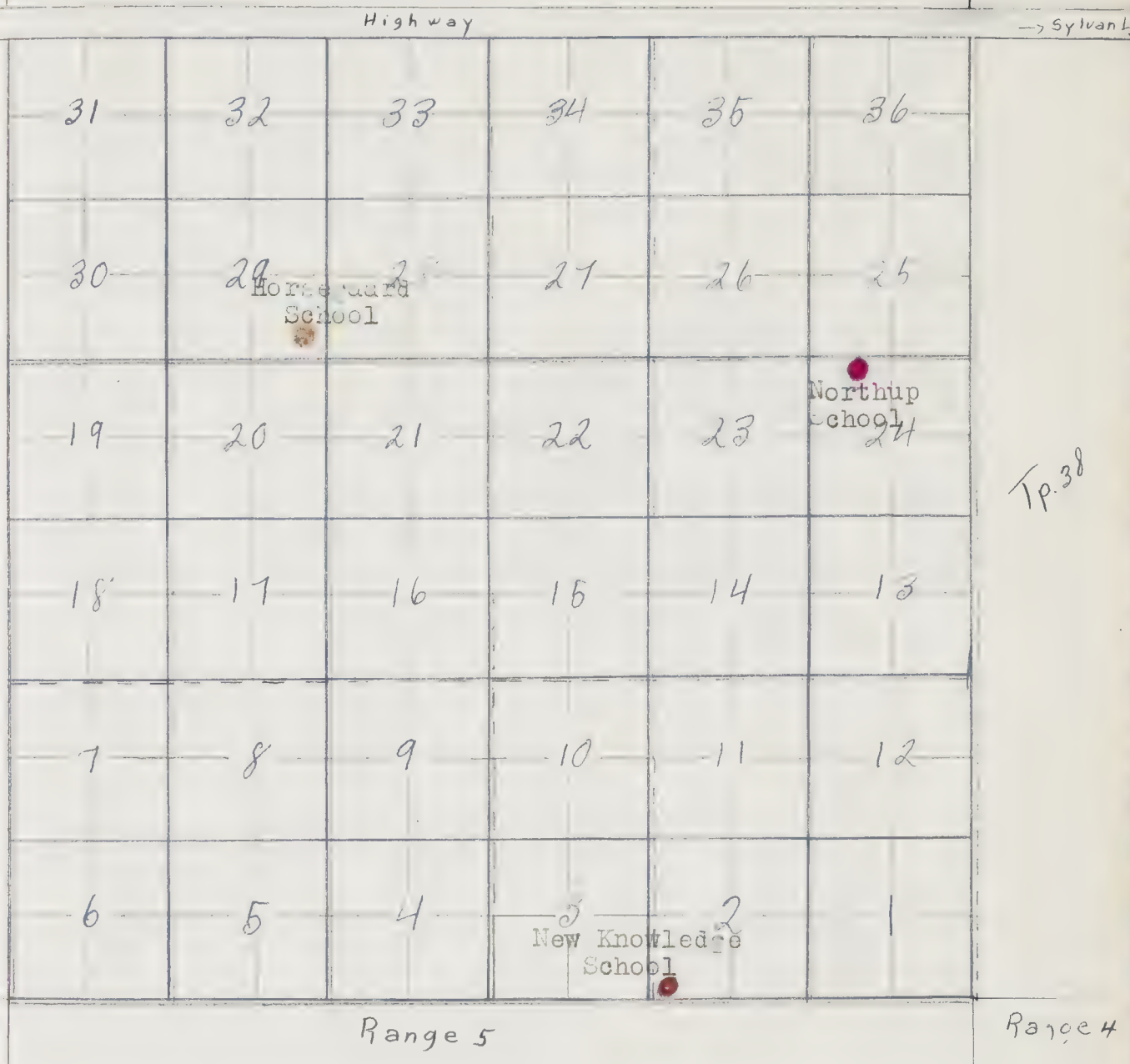


Position of Northup School in Raven Municipality

M.M. and J.P. Gr. IX.

Tp. 39.

OUR TOWNSHIP.

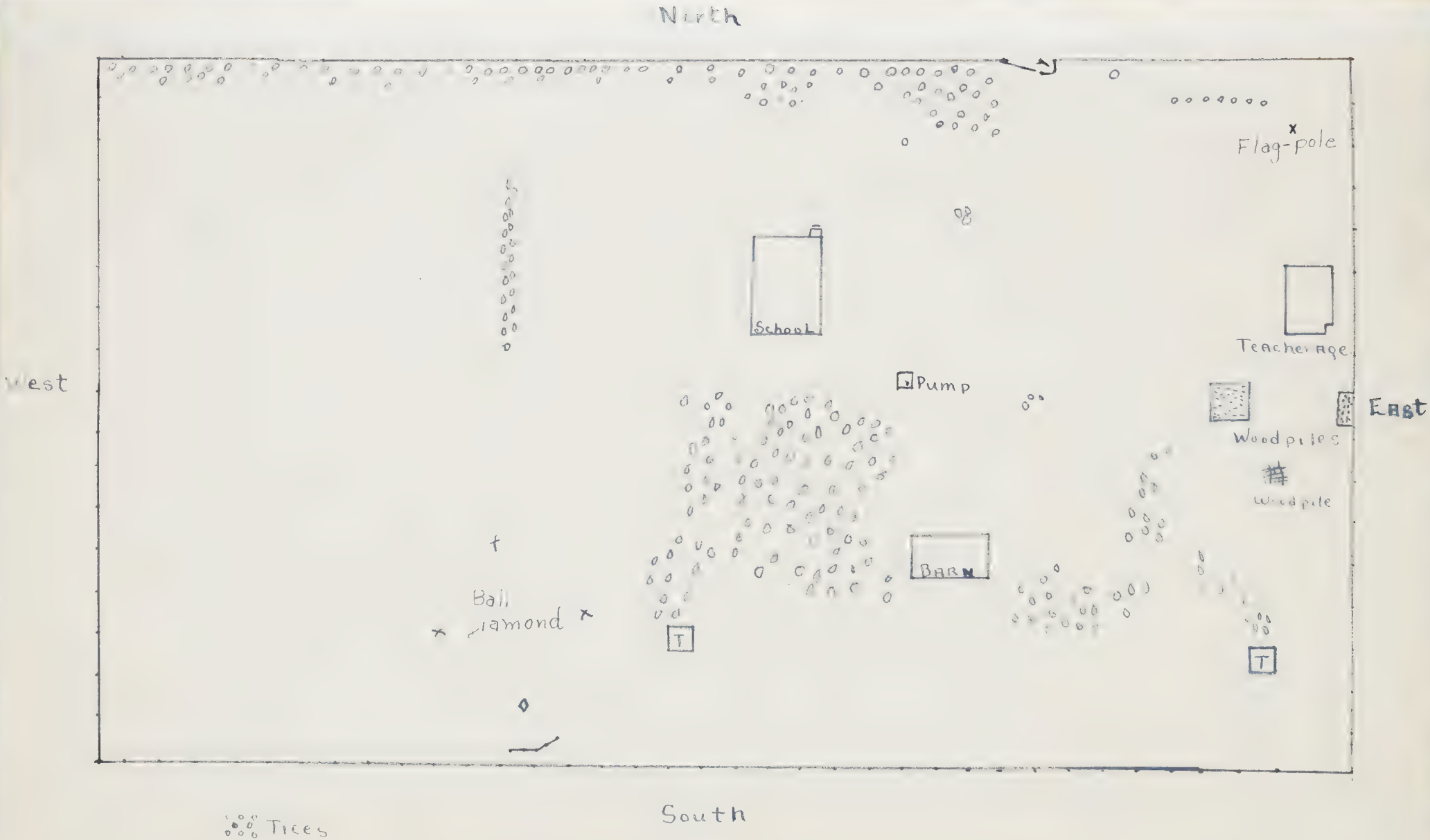


Tp. 38

Tp. 37

Northup School is situated on the North-west quarter of Section 24, Township 38, Range 5, West of the Fifth Meridian.

John Marcinek
Grade VII.



PLAN OF NORTHUP SCHOOL GROUNDS.

[illegible]

On a Monday morning in September, 1940, when we came to school four posts were pounded into the ground where the school was to be built. We stayed there for about a week, then they started to haul up gravel, lumber, and cement, and equipment for building the school.

The carpenters came. They hired Mr. Boland with his tractor and grader to make the excavation for the basement. The ground was ploughed and scraped out with a fresno and tractor. When the excavation was finished they cut little ditches around the outside of the walls to get it.

After the walls were built of the concrete to be poured in. The walls for the first floor were laid and props to hold it up. They nailed boards on for this first floor. Then cement was mixed and poured in between the double walls, when this set the boards were removed. The basement windows were put in before the cement was poured. Then the walls together with wire so they wouldn't spread out. When that was done they made the frame of the school walls and the roof. The walls were boarded up from both sides. They put in the window openings so that the windows could be fitted in. Then they boarded up the roof, shingled it, and put the sills in, for the ceiling.

When they finished that they put in the cement floor in the basement. They set up the furnace to be burned for warming. They built the chimney and put the doors in. They put in the second floor and built the steps. They put on the insulation and painted the roof.

They did the fancy work inside and outside and put in the windows. Next the eaves and the inside of the school were painted. The tinsmith came and put in the pipes in the toilets and on the furnace. He put the eave trough and painted them. We moved into the school the next day.

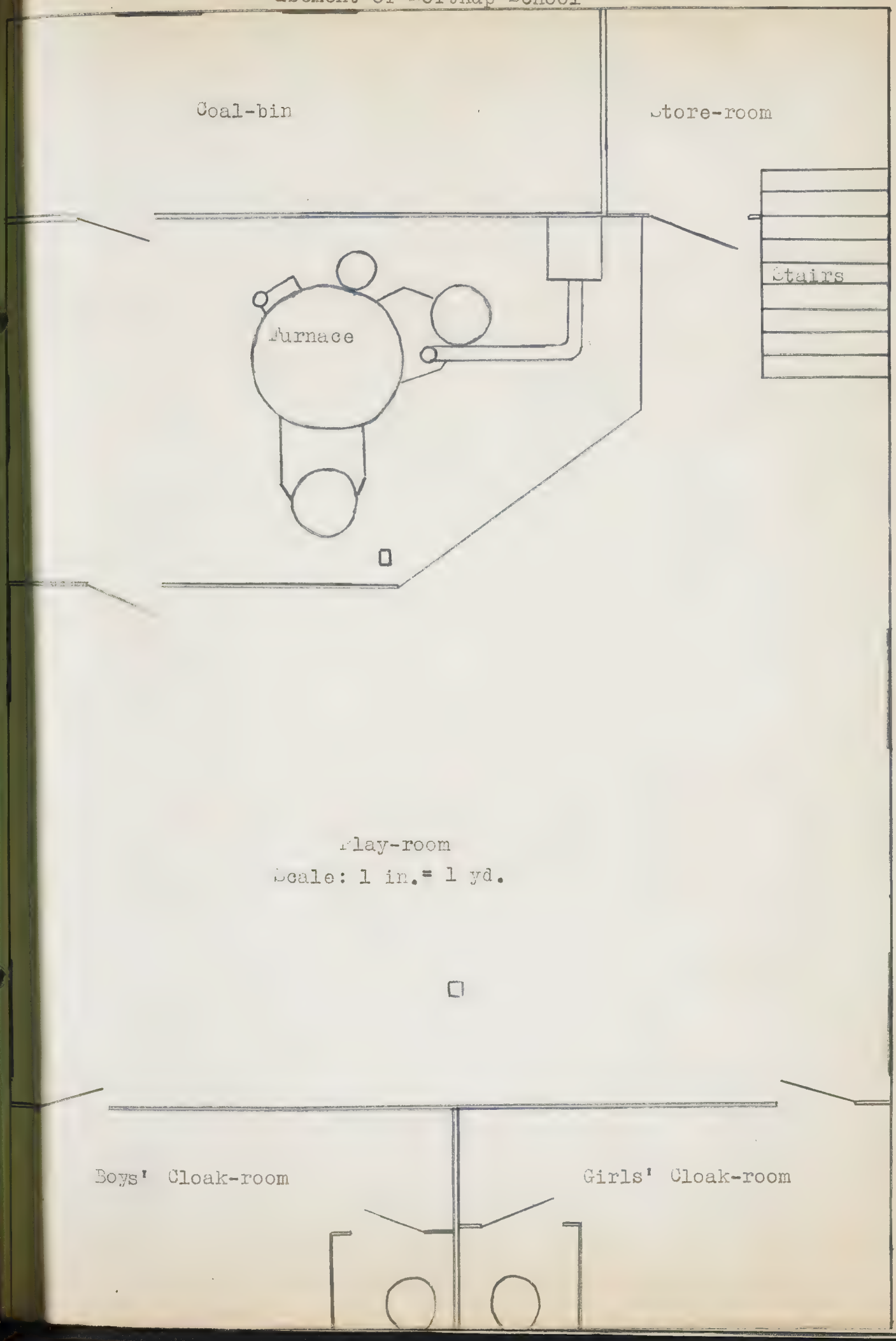
(Written by John Marcinek, grade seven, as he watched the school being built. He wants to be a carpenter when he grows up.)

Jean Poland

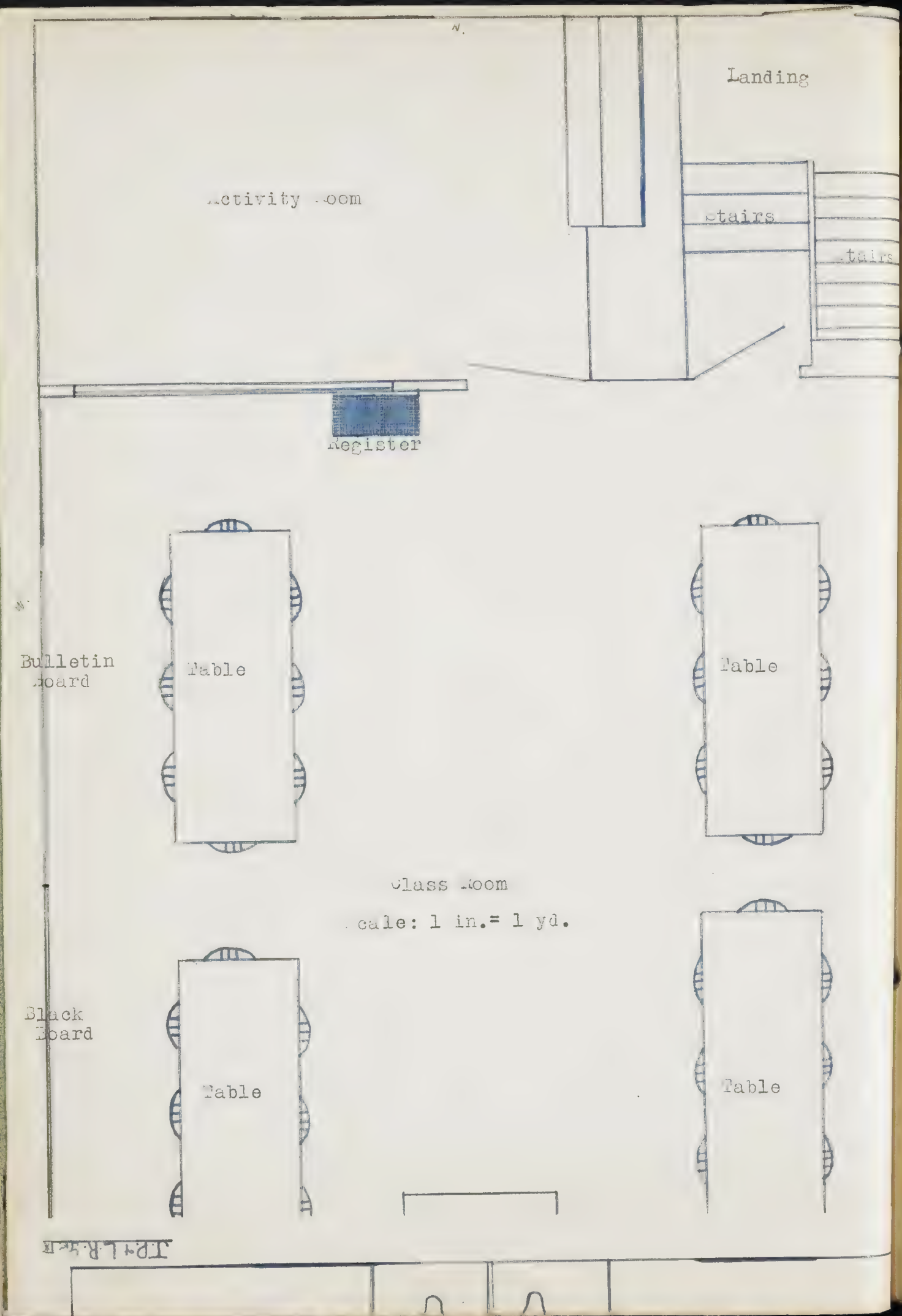
Northup and her big sister both built Sept. 1940 Calkins Valley

Interior views of Northup School 1943.

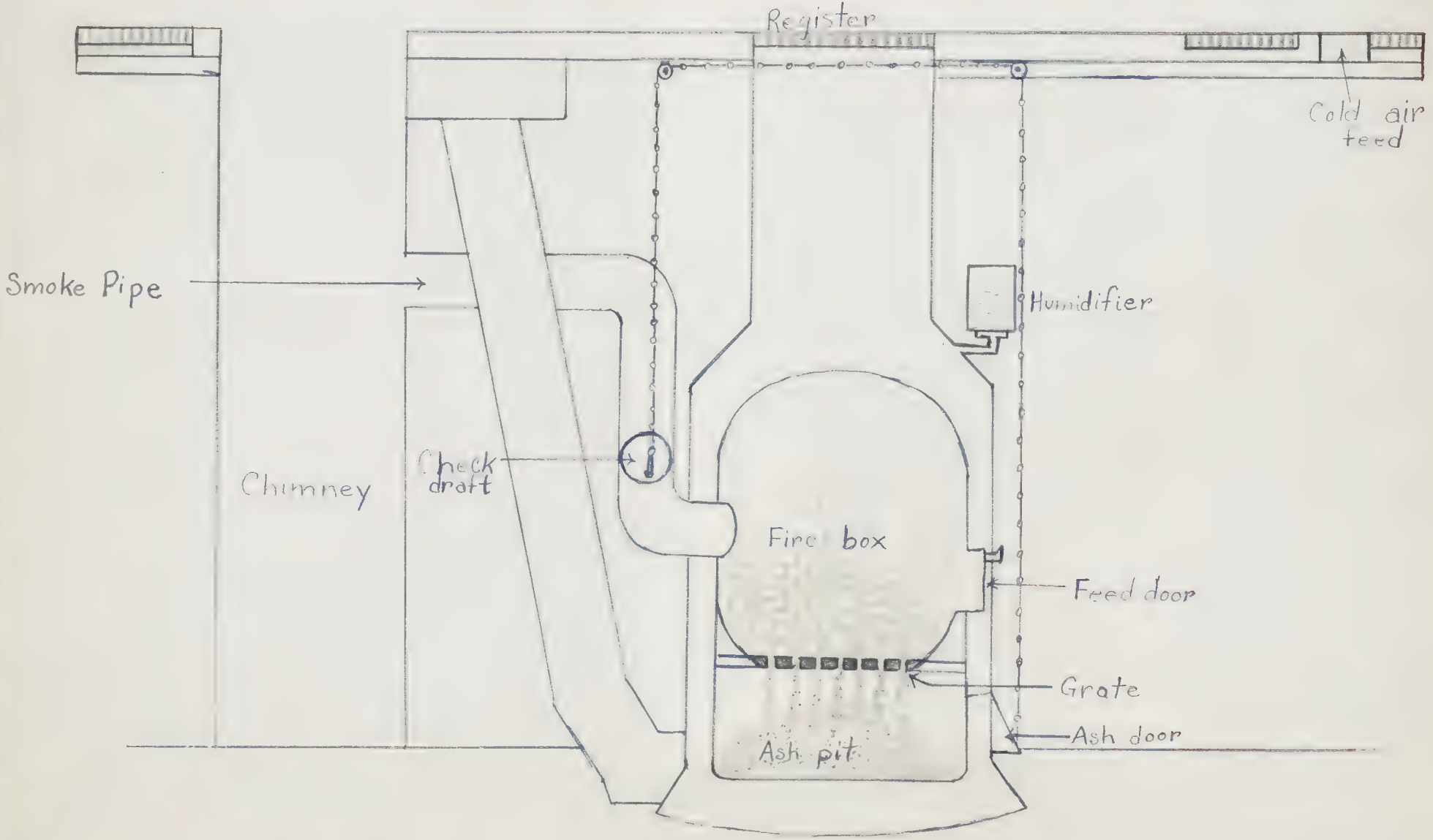
Basement of Northup School



Scale: 1 in. = 1 yd.


Landing
Activity Room
Stairs
Stairs
Register
Bulletin Board
Table
Table
Class Room
Scale: 1 in.= 1 yd.
Black Board
Table
Table

Northup School's Heating System



Jean Poland

NORTHUP - 1943.

These rhymes, which tell at least one truth, will help to acquaint you with Northup's present pupils.

G is for George
Who spills all the ink.
The tables are green
Or are they pink?

W is for Walter.
His whistle is clear.
You always hear him
Before he gets here.

R is for Robert,
Studious when still.
He likes Geography
And always will.

L is for Lilja
So quick of wit.
If anyone teases her
She cares not a whit.

L is for Leonora.
A good singer is she.
And took music lessons
We can plainly see.

C is for Catherine
Who knows all the tunes.
She'd like to be dancing
All recess and noons.

M is for Marietta,
Always on the hop,
She'd like to go forever
And never ever stop.

J is for Jean,
All day she does type,
And goes to Young Peoples
On Friday night.

W is for William
Who looks like his Dad
Just bought a new bicycle
And is he glad!

J is for John
Always so clean
A better worker
Seldom is seen.

W is for William
Who is so keen.
When he's in class
He's afraid to speak.

P is for Percy
Famed for his head.
When the teacher is out,
He acts very bad.

V is for Violet.
Though short of stature,
You'll not meet another
With her good nature.

A is for Arthur
So hard to tease.
Give him something
And he's easy to please.

C is for Clara
Very good in art
And in every objective
Does more than her part.

C is for Carol
Who comes from the prairie.
She likes it in here
For it's not quite so airy.

D is for Donald
Darienko's his name
When he does something wrong
He won't take the blame.

A is for Annie
Who can pitch the ball.
If it ever hit you
You're dead, that's all.

A for Aili, A for Rosella
Both in grade three
That there are better pupils
We don't agree.

D is for Donald
Who is so shy.
He won't look up
When you pass by.

C is for Charles
With all the good looks.
His interest's in hockey
As well as in books.

B is for Billy
A mischievous boy
Who plays with a cap gun
And no other toy.

J is for Johnny
With hair black as coal
Ever though small
He can climb a high pole.

L is for Lois
With hair almost white.
She does her work well
And gets most of it right.

J is for June
Who is in grade one.
She doesn't give up
Till her work is done.

-- - - - - - -

P is for Proud
A good worker is she
And as kind to the pupils
As she can be.

M is for Lorchup
The best school in the land.
If you don't believe it
Ask one of our band.

S is for Nurse Gourley
Who orders for our lunch
Carrots by the bunches
Carrots by the bunch.

[illegible] is for the rotten carrot
[illegible] doesn't [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SNOWBOUND NORTHUP – WINTER OF 1943.

SHINNY.

TEACHERAGE

We moved out of the old school in December 1939. The desks and old stove were taken to New Knowledge School. During the following summer the old school was used for a church. In October the boys broke out most of the window panes.

One Monday morning in November we came to school and saw a big pile of gravel by the fence. We wondered what it was for. A few days later two carpenters came to jack up the school. Then we found out the school was to be a teacherage. Two tractors pulled it to the east side of the school yard over a small hole dug for a cellar. The carpenters repaired the windows and put one partition across the room, another shorter one making a pantry and closet, bedroom and kitchen. The carpenters left.

The partitions were unpainted and on one side of each were the two by fours. The floors were old and dirty and rough. The walls were dark green kalso ine where the black boards had been removed, the remainder was a dirty pink dotted with ink-spots as was the ceiling. The inside decoration was pathetic.

The division sent out a small coal stove (we froze by the big school heater before and the wood was all twenty seven inches long), a bed, table and two chairs.

There still remained some pioneering to do. The sawdust, glass, nails, horses, lumber were to be taken out, with a sort of cleaning-out and moving-in at the same time.

The second night Miss Proud moved in we had a surprise party for her. We gave her towels, dishes, and other useful articles for the house.

She bought wall paper for the two rooms and curtains, made a bookcase, a washstand, easy chair, and paper rack, put up a lamp shelf, and shelves in the pantry. She traded a sack of left-over cement for paint for the bedroom floor, and secured paint from the division for the kitchen floor, and the partition, and put it on. She fumigated the house. She traded something else which almost paid for a piece of linoleum for the kitchen floor, traded a new broom for a fire shovel, (later she had traded off the big tin that went around the old stove because someone stole it in October,) and may trade something else that is in the barn for something else before someone takes it, too. She lined the shed part with paper from cement sacks and shingles, built a walk from the door along the south end of the building. She also made her a coal bin, with a lid, to save carrying coal from the school basement. She made flower beds and planted some trees, and a garden of sunflowers and potatoes.

The parents are most generous with their produce. These are some of a long list of food supplies sent as gifts, with the children, cans of fruit, jam and jelly, vegetables, meat, butter (before rationing of course,) milk, apples, eggs, bread, buns, and cake.

Last October a painter came and painted the building (two sides were already done). It was so cold the day that he painted, we had to build a fire to warm the paint. That night it froze. To-day the walls are as rough as a rubber sponge and a few rain storms may soon ruin it all. The money thus spent might have helped purchase a heater. Other things could be changed, moved or improved that would be less work at both buildings. In time these may be accomplished.

E. RAABE
Gr. IX.

Signatures

Pupil.

Violet A. Macbeth.

William W. Munro

Hilja B. Syren

Robert W. Lindsay

Billy J. Hulgaard.

Percy Bradshaw.

Parents or Guardian.

Mrs. Miriam A. Kaabe.

Mrs. Evelyn B. Bradshaw.

Hugh MacLellan

Mrs Rachel MacLellan

Waino Wilhelm Syren

alma Syren

Mrs Ivy Bartesko.

Frank Bartesko

Mrs. Lillian Hulgaard

Mrs. Sonia Matson

Mrs Hilda A. Tagore

Miriam Lindsay

Robert Lindsay Sr.

John Macbeth.

Violet Macbeth

William Munro.

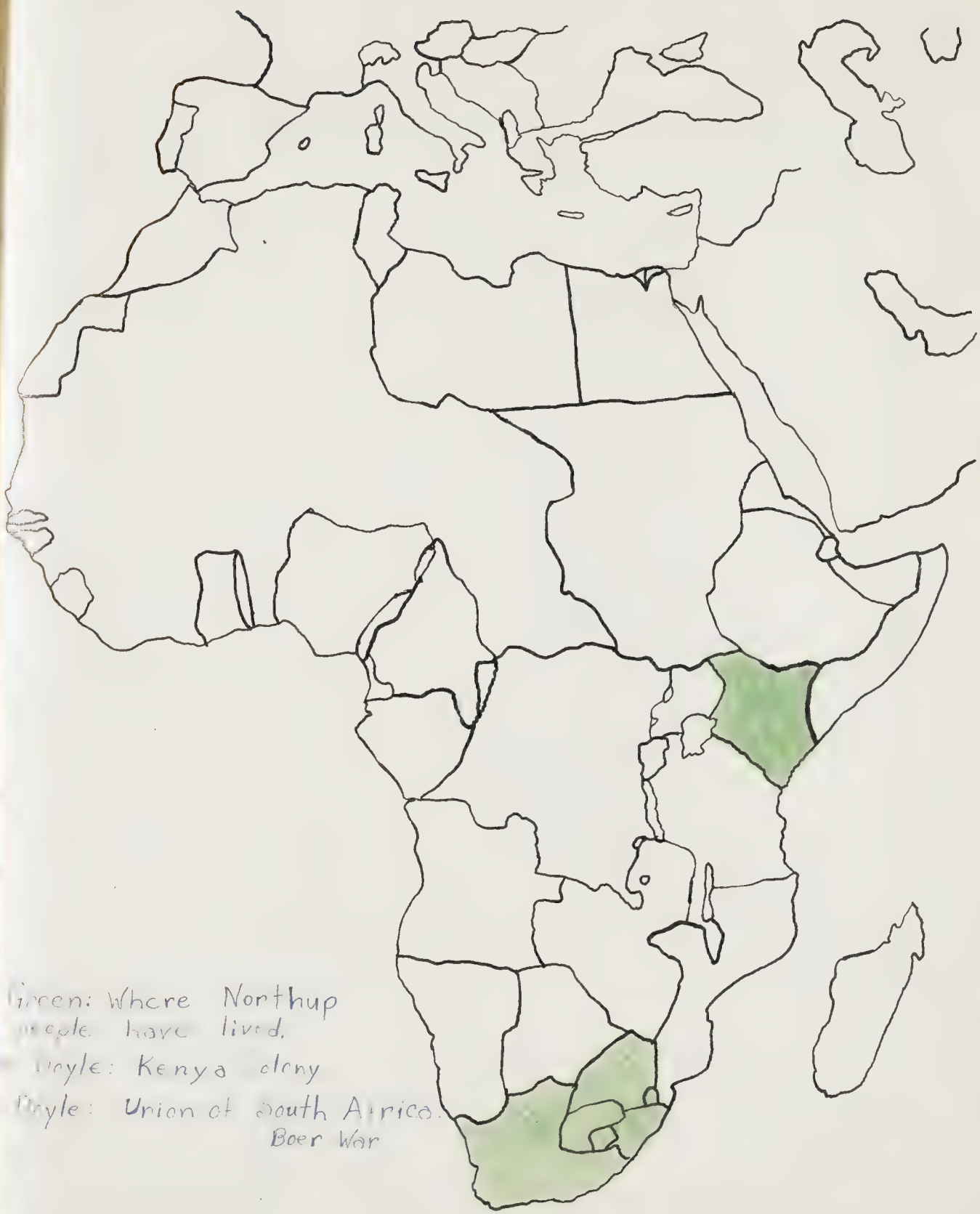
Mrs Wm. Munro

1. Inverness-Mr. Munro
2. Aberdeen-
3. Adoyne--Mr. Lindsay
4. Perth-Mr. Macbeth
5. Edinburgh-Mr. Munro
6. Glasgow-Mr. Macdonald
7. Larna-Mr. Kornby
8. Sheffield-Mr. Kornby
9. Chester-Mr. Lindsay
10. Alford-Mr. Kornby
11. London-Mrs. Perry
12. Dover-Mrs. Bigalow

William Munro
GRADE VII

RED SHOWS BIRTH PLACES OF PARENTS.

GREEN SHOWS where they have worked AND been.

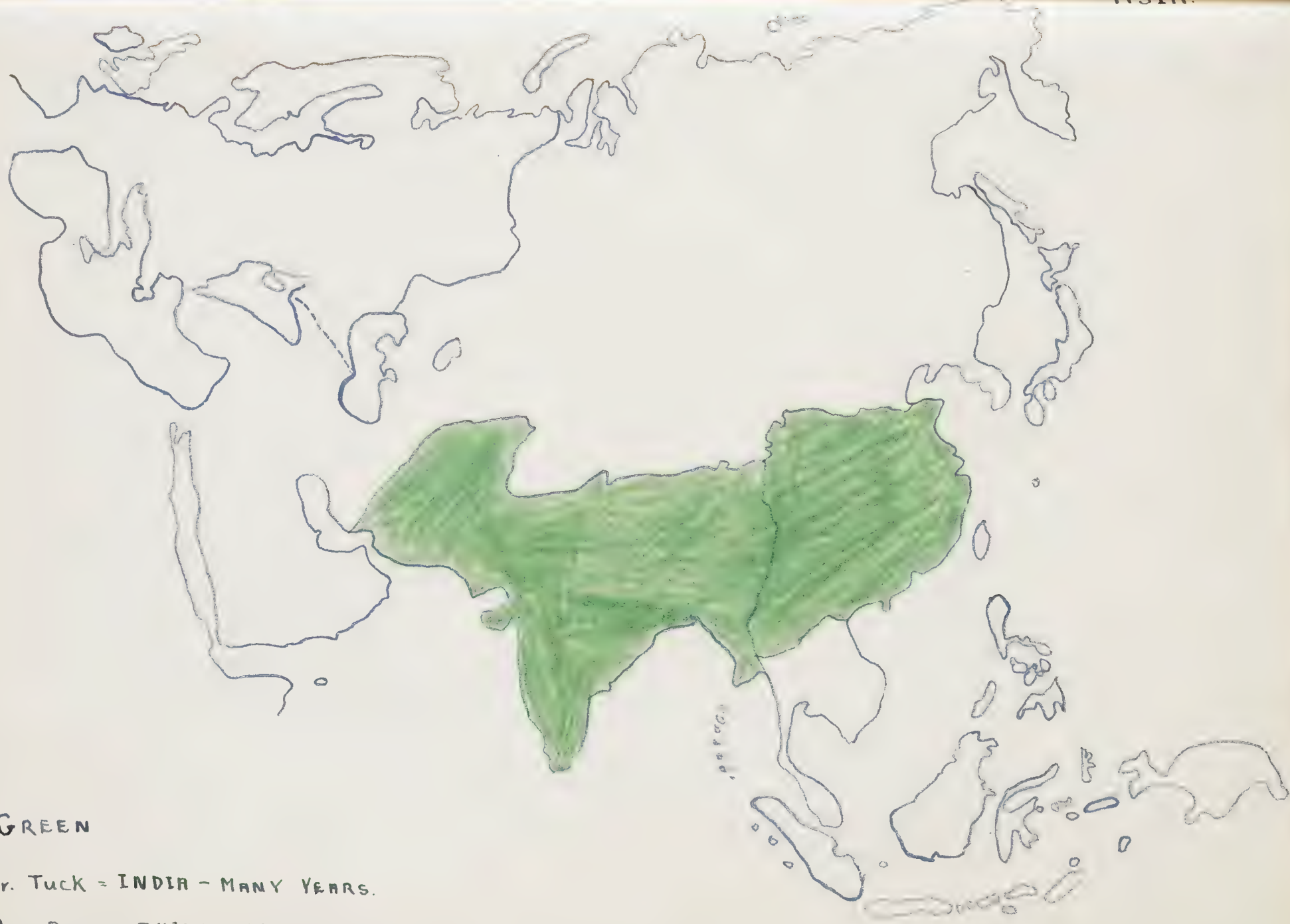


Green: Where Northup people have lived.

Doyle: Kenya colony

Doyle: Union of South Africa
Boer War

ASIA.



GREEN

Mr. Tuck = INDIA - MANY YEARS.

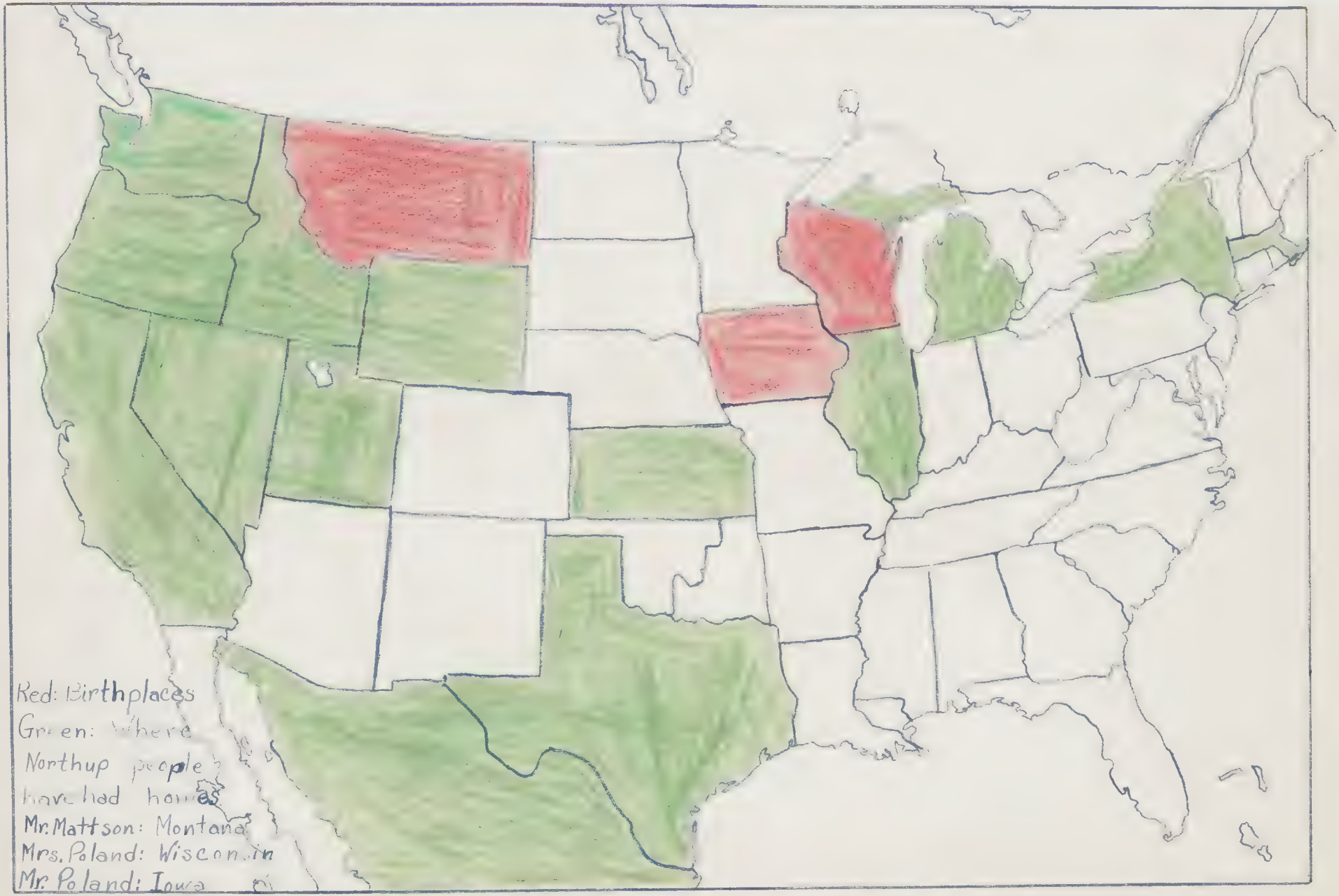
Mrs. Birch = CHINA - MISSIONARY

(Sister of JEAN POLAND Gr. II.)

CANADA

RED = BIRTH PLACES

GREEN = WHERE THEY'VE LIVED.


Red: Birthplaces
Green: Where
Northup people
have had homes
Mr. Mattson: Montana
Mrs. Poland: Wisconsin
Mr. Poland: Iowa

[illegible] World [illegible] [illegible]

January 9--Marietta's birthday--Japanese pour into Philippines.

January 12-Mrs. MacDonald--Francis Teubert-- [illegible]'s birthday.

January 13-Mrs. Hornby--Japanese make heavy air attacks on Singapore.

January 14-Mr. Macbeth--General Wavell and staff arrive in Netherlands East Indies.

January 17-Arnie Macbeth--Churchill returns to England from U.S.A.

January 23-Violet--Russians recapture Kozhaisk.

January 30-Mr. Mattson--Roosevelt.

February 5-Mr. Raabe--Lt. General A. G. L. McNaughton returns to Canada for consultation.

February 19-Leonora--Eclipse of the moon (1943).

February 28-Mrs. Poland--Japanese troops land on Java coast.

March 5--Mr. Munro--Viola Mattson--David Lapore--Japanese capture Batavia, Java capital.

March 15-Mr. Macmillan--Mandalay evacuated by Allies.

March 29-Mr. Marsinek--Lt. General McNaughton returns to Britain from Canada.

April 14-Mr. Lindsay--Pierre Laval become chief of government in Vichy reorganization.

April 29-John Macbeth--Japanese capture Lashio, railroad of Burma Road to China.

May 4---June Hubbard--U. S. naval aircraft sink seven Japanese warships and two transports off the Solomons.

May 5---Catherine--British invade Madagascar.
May 6---Governor Vail to Iowa.

May 24--Mrs. Munro--Victoria Day.

June 15-Lois--Germans launch big offensive on Kharkov front.

June 26-Mary Bradshaw--Mary Marsinek--Walter Byron--Churchill returns to London--First U. S. troops enter France in 1917.

August 19-Walter--Ivar Lyren--Dieppe fall.

August 21-William Lapore--Japanese land on Guadalcanal.

ugust 24--r. oland--r. orby--hurchill return: to England from ussia and iddle ast.

eptember 1, 1939--ermans start war on oland--obert indsay's first trip to ea. eer.

eptember 7--ohn arcinen--apanese start push towards ort oresby, ew uinea.

eptember 10-anada declared war.

eptember 20-onald artesmo--ustralians halt apanese drive on ort oresby.

eptember 23--r. aabo--ussian offensive north-west of talingrad gains momentum.

ctober 7--Georgine ange--apanese abandon western Aleutian Island, except iska.

ovember 1--aval--"ew rder in sia" proclaimed by apan, ignores naval asp ect dictator's role at ichy.

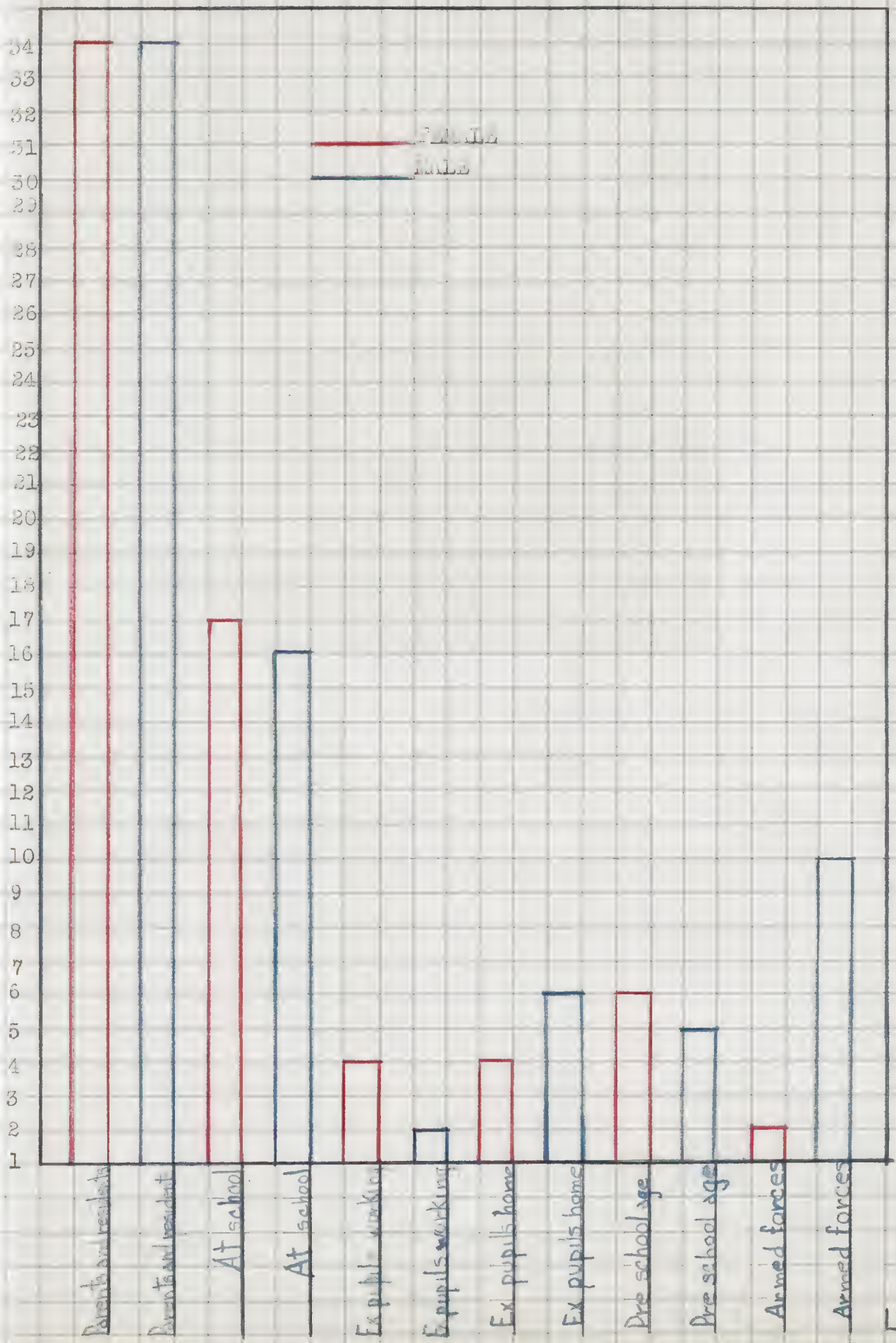
ovember 30--ere ill's irthday--alph idal .

ecember 6--1 year since . . . declared war on apan--lma ae oth.

ecember 16- --ussians retake halkov.

ecember 25-r. . eubert--hamplain died in 16 6.

POPULATION OF NORTHUP COMMUNITY



L.R. and M.M.
Gr IX

FOR KING

AND

COUNTRY

M. POLAND - DENVER.

J. POLAND - OVERSEAS

D. PARSONS - NEAR BAY WN. U.S.

A. POLAND - DRUMHELLER.

HAROLD POLAND.

LAWRENCE POLAND.

N. PARSONS - SEATTLE.

IVAR SYREN - OVERSEAS

EWEN MACLELLAN - OVERSEAS

MARIETTA AND JIM MACDONALD.
(Gr. IX) (OVERSEAS)

CATHERINE AND ALICK MACLELLA
(Gr. VIII.) (HALIFAX)

JOE MARCINEK IN B.C.

STANLEY MARCINEK IN B.C.

GEORGE AND DALE BLAIR
GEORGE - PRISONER OF WAR

ALLEN TUCK

L. RAABE – PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

WILLIAM TUCK

overseas

MAHLON HOOEY

CENTRE – DONALD COLEMAN-HALIFAX.

GEORGE PEEL

Prisoner

CATHERINE MACBETH

Suffield, Alberta

Ronald Christie

(overseas)

WILLIAM WARDEN

Alberta.

Bruce Christie

(overseas)

Transportation

In the early days of our community oxen were used for field work and hauling loads. But the other travelling was done on foot. It was common to travel on foot twenty-four miles to a post office.

Just as soon as a pioneer could procure a team of horses he disposed of his oxen. Horses and oxen were very expensive but oxen were more plentiful. With the advent of horses travel on foot diminished. The roads were boggy trails which made the pack-horse the only reasonable means of travel for groceries and mail. With the improvement of roads came the use of wagons.

Later came the car. In this part they have all been second-hand cars when purchased and mostly of old models. It would still be unwise for the farmers to have new cars for their use because of the present roads. One trip on a bad road would take as much out of a car as many hundred miles on a good road. To-day fifteen have cars and twelve have tractors. Some have a tractor and not a car.

Horses are not used any more for breaking land. If a man has not a tractor with which to do his own breaking he hires one.

Trailers pulled behind a car take the pigs to market thus avoiding a long trip with a team. Grain at one time hauled by horses is now taken by a truck from the threshing machine to the elevator. Many men are in the trucking business solely.

Train service is tri-weekly. It seems so slow because it is a mixed passenger and freight. For the last few years we have had access to daily bus service which took all passengers from the train and was much more accommodating.

At first all children walked to school. When the parents had a horse to spare some rode. Later some drove a team. To-day only two ride horses and these two have bicycles for days when the roads permit their use. Nine children of the school are the proud possessors of a bicycle each. These are used not only for school conveyance but for many trips. A boy seems to have a greater desire now for a bicycle than for a saddle-horse.

From this outlying part one may travel almost anywhere and any time by either land, sea, or air if he can pay the price. His travel is in ease and comfort and with great speed. What a change from world travel in the day of our pioneers!

Communication

Since our first settlers came there seems to have been advancement everywhere. But can one say it of communication where there was a telephone line out here twenty-eight years ago and now there is none?

When Grains moved in they were without mail for the first six months. Then, outgoing mail was handed to another who was going to the post office and incoming mail was brought in the same way. Often they took turns in going to the post office. The first post office was Swarts where the mail was brought once a week from Red Deer by team. After the railway was built Condor was the post office. At first the train came once a week, then twice, and now three times. This means we have three mail days a week.

Then, as now, everyone delivered messages for others. It is surprising how fast and far a message may be sent from person to person.

Of the telephone three poles remain and no wire. It came out here from Condor. It cost $2.50 a month. It was really not of value in a business way and was taken out. Even to-day it would not pay these residents to invest in a telephone for business purposes. In Perry's store in Condor is a government telephone which serves this community.

To send a telegram the message must be telephoned to the station agent in Lockville. An incoming telegram or telephone message is recorded by Mr. Perry and when he can send it out by a neighbour one receives it that way if he is not in Condor himself. Cablegrams come in here the same way. Several have cabled here from overseas. Air mail and airgraph letters due to the war are very very common here. This year Rolands received a radiogram from China.

Very few take a daily paper but many take several weekly or monthly papers and magazines. The commonest of these are:- The Red Deer Advocate, Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Country Guide, Western Producer, Western Farm Leader, and the Farm and Ranch Review.

Radios are not yet found in every home. To-day 80% of this community own radios.

The communication system to-day is far from equalling that of settlements nearer cities. But it seems to be adequate for the business needs of the area. This particular community is devided to mixed farming and as yet that is not on a large scale. Letters seem to take a long time to come and go. Daily papers are so old when received, one sort of loses interest because he already has heard part of it three days previously by radio news. After being accustomed to this service for years one adjusts himself to it and forgets there is such a thing as two deliveries of mail in one day.

Since writing the above, one of our last year's grade nine pupils set up a telephone between his home and his neighbour's. Only one he is becoming telephone-minded.

WILD LIFE IN OUR COMMUNITY

Many forms of wild life live in our community. This may be because it is a wooded area. Birds and small animals are more plentiful now than in earlier years. But larger animals such as deer, bear and moose though not plentiful in former times are now rarely seen.

The bird lover can find many feathered friends. In the fields and on the road sides are partridge and prairie chicken. Blue jays are common in winter. Blue birds, robins, and meadow larks are here by the dozens right now. Later one may see killdeer, snipes, blackbirds, cowbirds, and running birds. Wild ducks and geese are numerous, but the latter go farther north to nest. One of the pupils of the school once saw a white woodpecker with a red head. Once I saw a flock of swans on our slough. Swans are not common and I saw these big white birds only once. One day a big eagle was sitting on a tree by our well. Hawks are always flying about in the summer looking for a chicken. Hawks are really beneficial because they destroy so many mice. But they have feasted on many of our chickens. Owls are always hooting in the trees somewhere. Our barn is full of sparrows and pigeons. The hammer of the woodpecker is a familiar sound to all of us. Canaries have perched on the fence in our yard. Then we must not forget the homely crows and magpies. The crows seem to leave this part for the winter but magpies are everywhere at all seasons.

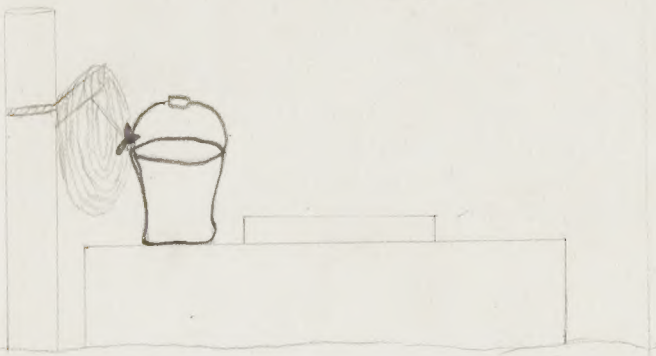
Animals are abundant also. The commonest is the rabbit. It was more plentiful in early days. We find the smaller rabbit around the willows, sloughs and in the woods. The jack rabbits like to live in the bottom of a burned straw pile, or in fields where horses have been digging in the snow. The squirrel comes next. He is found mostly in the spruce and is a good fur-bearing animal. In the open fields one can track weasels in the snow. Ground hogs are found in the fields. They do a lot of damage to the crops. Last year one family made its home in the old woodpile. Beavers used to be plentiful. There are none but their dams remain. Skunks are common. Under the old school an old skunk once lived with a family of little ones. The little ones would come out during school hours. Chipmunks are common also. Moose have been seen in the woods. Once a lynx was in our pasture. I've often seen a porcupine in a tree woon going for the cows. One may seldom sees a coyote but they were plentiful a few years ago. Mr. Shallow caught a fox once. Sometimes two or three deer have stayed here for a long time in the summer. Snakes used to be so numerous in some places we were afraid to walk along the road. We have no fish.

At school we made several bird houses to put in the trees there. The birds don't use them very much. We like the birds and animals about us, (gophers excepted, but even gophers have a pretty head) and should protect them. In time new varieties may continue to come to this part.

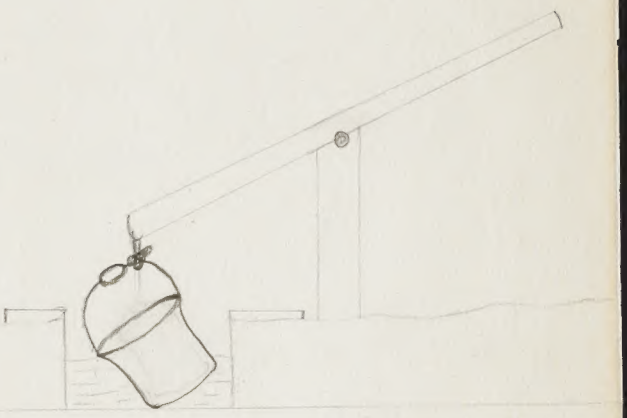
(By Catherine MacLellan, grade eight, a lover of the outdoors.)

NORTHUP PUMPS

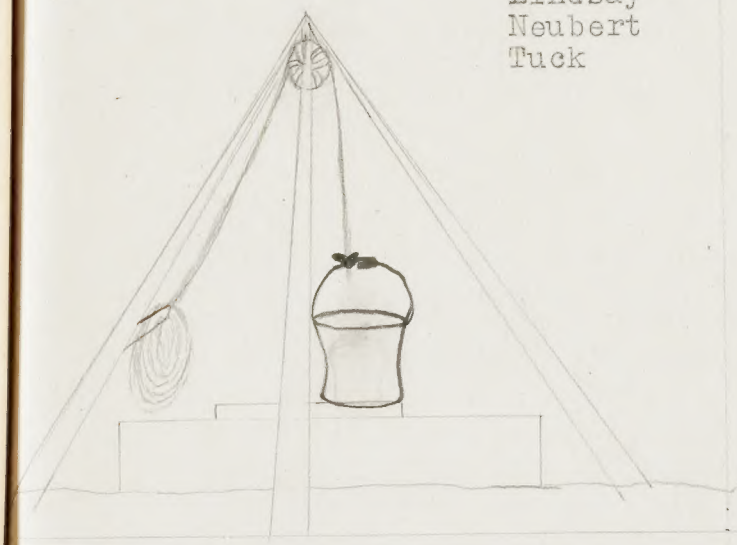
ROPE AND PAIL--------Cruickshank
MacLellan
MacDonald
Doyle



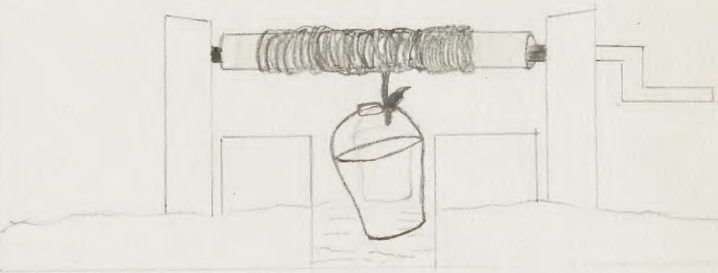
DIP----- Munro's South Pasture



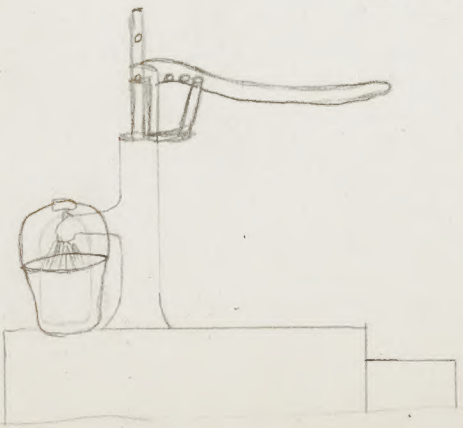
PULLEY---------- Bradshaw
Lindsay
Neubert
Tuck



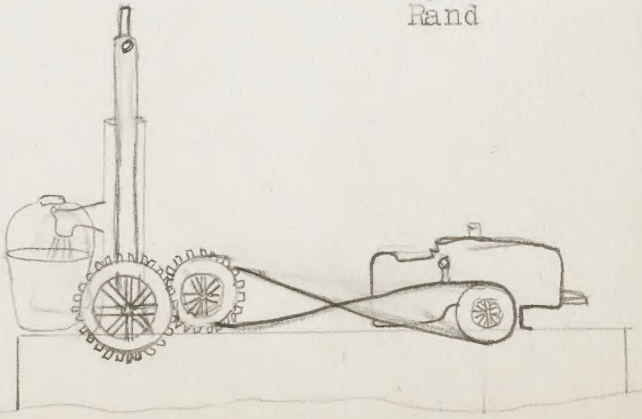
ROPE ON POLE---------- Lagore



IRON PUMP
NORTHUP SCHOOL---- Henderson
Hulgaard
Bartesko
MacBeth



PUMP ENGINE-- Marcinek
Mattson
Poland
Syren
Rand



W. Matton. Gr. VIII

HOW OUR PEOPLE MAKE A LIVING TODAY

You have read what the pioneers did for a living. To-day my Dad sells cattle and ships cream for a living. What a comparison between to-day and when we used to have to shoot game and work out for a living.

William Munro.

My dad milks cows for milk, and separates it and we sell the cream for money. Sometimes we sell butter. We sell wheat for the money, and sometimes barley and oats. We sell hen eggs about every other week. Sometimes we kill a chicken to eat when we are short of meat. We raise pigs and sell them to get money also. Sometimes when the sow doesn't have pigs we sell her.

George Lagore.

Our main income is from the pigs we sell. About every week we ship cream. Once in a while we sell eggs. We raise grain to feed the pigs, but we seldom sell it.

Carol Poland.

Our biggest income is from the milk we sell to the condensery. We receive some income from pigs and cattle and a small amount from eggs. We used to sell wood. We don't get much income from our grain because almost every year we get hailed out.

Annie Neubert.

Our biggest income to-day is from cream. We milk twelve to fifteen cows. We sell cattle sometimes and also pigs. We sell a little grain at threshing time, but not afterwards. We keep it for our cows and horses. We seldom sell any eggs. We used to sell butter to some people but we use all our own now.

Catherine MacLellan.

Dad's wages are our biggest income. He works at the Penhold airport. We sell a few pigs and some cattle. In the summer we sell cream. Sometimes we sell eggs when the hens lay a lot. Sometimes in the fall we sell some chickens. Years ago we sold grain.

Violet MacBeth.

In the year 1942 we bought our farm. The first year it was rented because the man who was on it had a year term yet. We had about two hundred bushels of barley that year to sell. And all the rest of the money we had went into the farm. We had only five horses and new harness when we came. This year we sold a stack of hay. We haven't had our crop threshed yet.. We started sending in eggs. This is all the income we have. It is very small except for that that comes from the mines. Dad went last winter to Drumheller to work. He will be going next year again if things turn bad.

Donald Hulgaard.

I would like to see all dead stock buried or burned and not left in the fields. This should be compulsory. The one who does not dispose of such animals properly should be punished.

Donald Ridgeard.

Grade eight.

I would like to see every child taught the trade he likes and is best suited for. I think each one, whether his parents can afford it or not should be equally taught. Money should be provided for this.

Carol Poland

Grade seven.

We all realize that long years of hard work and privation have made our community what it is to-day. That toil was accomplished by the hands of the parents of many of us. Yet there is a long road to go before our people will enjoy comfortable homes with modern conveniences, and a recreation long past due. It is our duty to carry on.